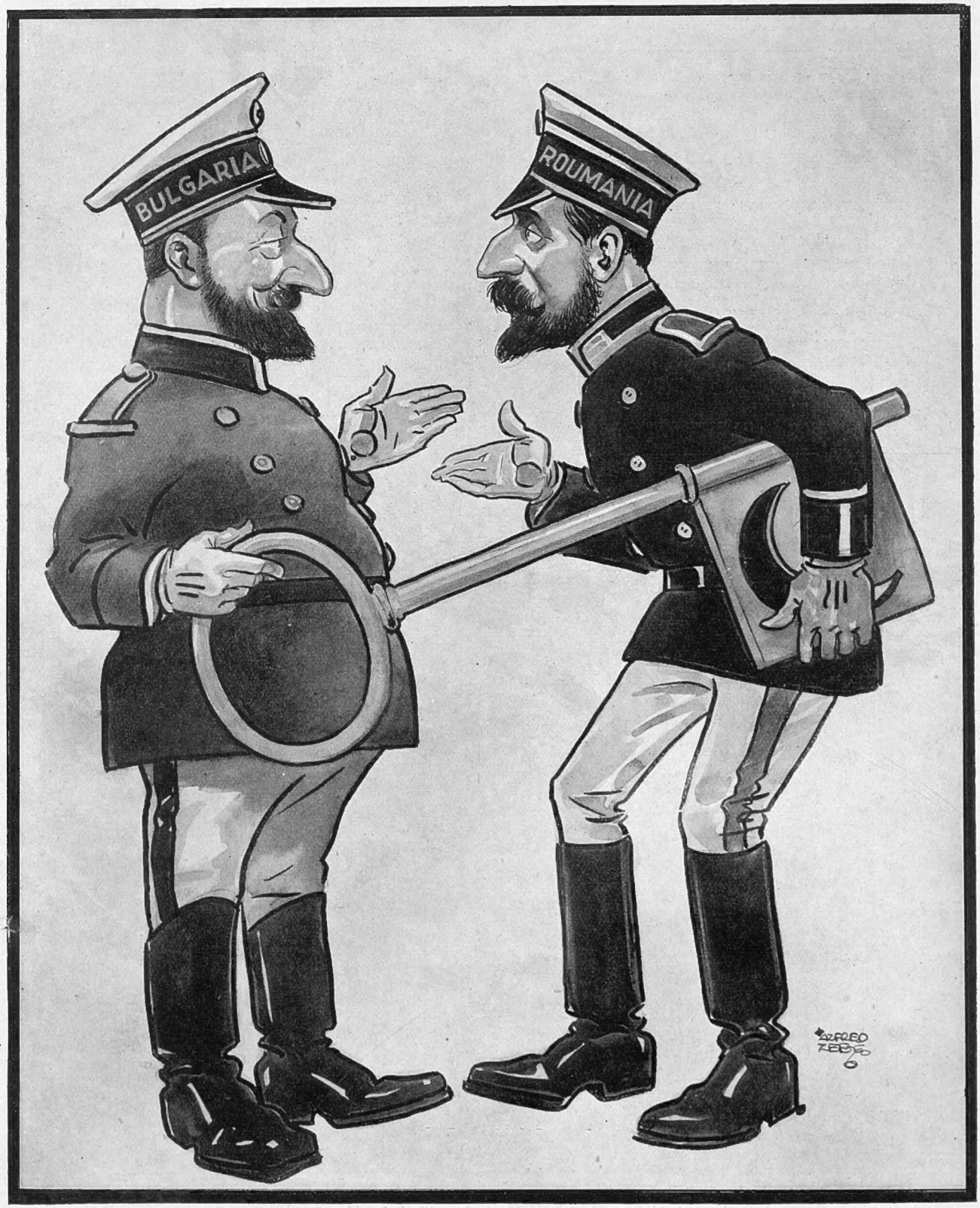
The Bystander, August 25, 1915.—No. 612. Vol. XLVII

The BYSTANDER



"I say, by jove, we've got the key of the situation"
"Yes, but we don't know which door to unlock"

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada, under 1½lb. 1½*d.* To any other part of the world the weight would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

"Bystander" War Forecast Competition

POSITIONS OF THE ALLIES
MID-AUGUST, 1915

A reduced facsimile reproduction of "The Bystander" War Map, for use by competitors in the War Forecast Competition. Copies of the map obtainable free on application to the Editor, "The Bystander," Tallis House, London, E.C.

For details see page 284 of this issue

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

Deplorable Satisfaction

THOUGH my contemporary, the *Times*, manages to regard the heavy defeat of the German Fleet off Riga as "emphasising the increasing gravity of the situation in the eastern theatre," many misguided people, I am afraid, received the news with feelings of satisfaction. Even though it was not convincingly confirmed, there was a tendency—a deplorable tendency, of course—to *hope* that it was true, and to see in it a ray of light.

***

More Gloom

More regrettable satisfaction was derived from the news that Italy has joined in the war against Turkey, that Venezelos is Prime Minister of Greece, that the landing at Suvla Bay gives us command of one of the main Turkish lines of supply. It is to be hoped that the *Times* will not lose a day in showing us the depressing aspects of these events also. Otherwise there is grave danger that the country may not be dismal enough. We want more misery. Give us gloom.

***

Hollweg in a Fix

We must not take too seriously Bethmann-Hollweg's fulminations against poor old England. His position is an awkward one. Tirpitz and the Junkers have been trying their hardest to upset him, and to replace him with a "Blood and Iron" merchant, who will carry out the programme of annexing the earth. Hollweg has practically pledged Germany to evacuate Belgium and Northern France, but dare not say so—just yet. In order to keep the stupid old Reichstag quiet he had to fall back on the old tune of *Gott Strafe England*, which is as popular as ever, apparently.

***

Another Figment

There were one or two curious statements in the speech, however. One of these was that Sir Edward Grey, on parting with the German Ambassador, said that "the war that had broken out between England and Germany would, at the conclusion of peace, enable him to do us (Germany) more valuable services than the neutrality of England would allow him." From this we are given to understand that, while the British public was told that the object of the war was utterly to crush Prussian militarism, Germany was secretly assured that she needn't be afraid, as we should step in to save her at the last moment! Such an accusation of perfidy, both to the Allies and to the British public, will, of course, receive an immediate refutation, even if Sir Edward has to go to the unusual length of making a speech with his own lips.

***

Too Late

The argument that we can in any way help Russia by instituting National Service now is really almost too pitifully puerile for even the Alarmelites. To pass it would do as much to keep the Germans from advancing on Petrograd as to pass One Man One Vote or Daylight Saving. If we are to help the Russians it must be with the forces we have already in the field, not with conscript angels in the clouds. It is said that adopting it would "hearten" our gallant Allies. Pardon me, but they don't want heartening: they want relieving, and *now*, otherwise it will be too late.

Our War Forecast Competition.

READERS are invited to lose no time in applying for their entry-forms (for details see page 284), as the prize will go to the sender of the most skilful forecast at the earliest date.

***

The "Pink Form"

That there are anomalies in the voluntary system no sane person denies. It *is* wrong and wasteful that the pressure should fall on the middle-aged, married, and responsible people, and not on the young, unmarried, and non-responsible. The much-abused "pink form" does enable the authorities to know exactly who, and in what numbers, are the so-called "shirkers"—those who could enlist, and won't, or whose employers won't let them.

***

What It Can Effect

After all, even conscription could only proceed on "pink form" lines—that is, after the authorities had ascertained exactly whom there was to conscript. If a strong invitation to the recalcitrant man, or the recalcitrant employer, revealed on the pink form, fails to secure Lord Kitchener's requirements, there would seem to be a case for a short sharp Act applied to the individuals in question. But not until after the experiment of persuasion had been put to the final test.

(*Continued on page 256*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued from page 255*)

What We Are Told

Three hours or so before the official announcement that a Zeppelin raid had taken place on the Eastern Counties, every man and woman in the London street, club, train, restaurant, or tea-shop was to be heard discussing the exact details, nature, extent and scenes of the damage that was done to our civil population. Among the persons whom I overheard discussing the raid in a West End restaurant was a lady, who declared that she was "ein American, vot hated dose domned Tschermans like der tevil." If German spies are as much in evidence in our midst as the Yellow Press would have us believe, there cannot be much that is unknown to the Berlin Air Office as to the results of their periodical visits to our shores.

***

Wanted: a Press Buroptimist

There seems to be lacking only one thing to give the method of announcing the air raids artistic symmetry, and that is the little touch of optimism. It would read much better if, in addition to concealing the localities from the British newspaper reader, the Press Bureau would contrive, in some way, to prove that the raids were British victories of sorts, just as the various retreats, evacuations, and withdrawals of the Russians are—according to Colonel Maude and others—Russian victories. The bulletins could so easily lay stress on the "repulse" of the invading aircraft. If, for instance, they bombard Blankton-on-Sea, there is always the triumphant reflection that they didn't get to Dashwich, while if they get to Dashwich, that, after all, isn't London. Likewise, when they come to London, we shall always be able to rejoice that the raid got no further west. Mr. Churchill, it will be remembered, was entirely satisfied with the raid on Scarborough.

The Man Who Went at Last (?)

It seems that recruiting was brisk after the bombings.

I have one great unsatisfied yearning, and that is to meet the man who, reading that hostile aircraft have visited a nameless place, suddenly hears the call to the colours to which he has been deaf for a twelvemonth. He must be a curious and an interesting fellow, that, and I should be sorry to think he only existed in the newspaper offices.

***

A Matter of Politeness

On the morning of the fall of Kovno, with the breaking of the Brest line, and the capture of four hundred Russian cannon, a despatch was printed from Sir John French which assured us that nothing particular had happened on the western front. As a matter of politeness to our eastern Allies, one would have thought that a small Anglo-French offensive might have been advertised, even if it had no foundation in fact. The impression that the Western Allies are sitting still watching while Russia is being pulverised must exist in Petrograd: if it does not, the German papers may be relied on to create it. The optimistic rumours as to our forthcoming plans which keep people at home in such good spirits possibly do not reach Russia.

***

The Unpopular German

The poor old *Cologne Gazette* is at it again, this time engaged in false analysis not of the character of its enemies, but of the Germans themselves. Seeking an explanation why the German is hated abroad, the *Gazette* thinks it is because he shows himself too proud of his Fatherland, and rudely critical of other nations and their habits. Let me tell the *Gazette* that again it is wrong. In England, we have never troubled ourselves two straws what Germans, Americans, or anybody else have had to say detrimental to our institutions. We very often agree with them. The German's pride in his Fatherland—or, rather, in the particular part of it from which he himself came—rather pleased than repelled Englishmen. We liked him to like his Fatherland, and only disliked him because we suspected him of wanting to bring it over here.

***

And Likely to Remain So

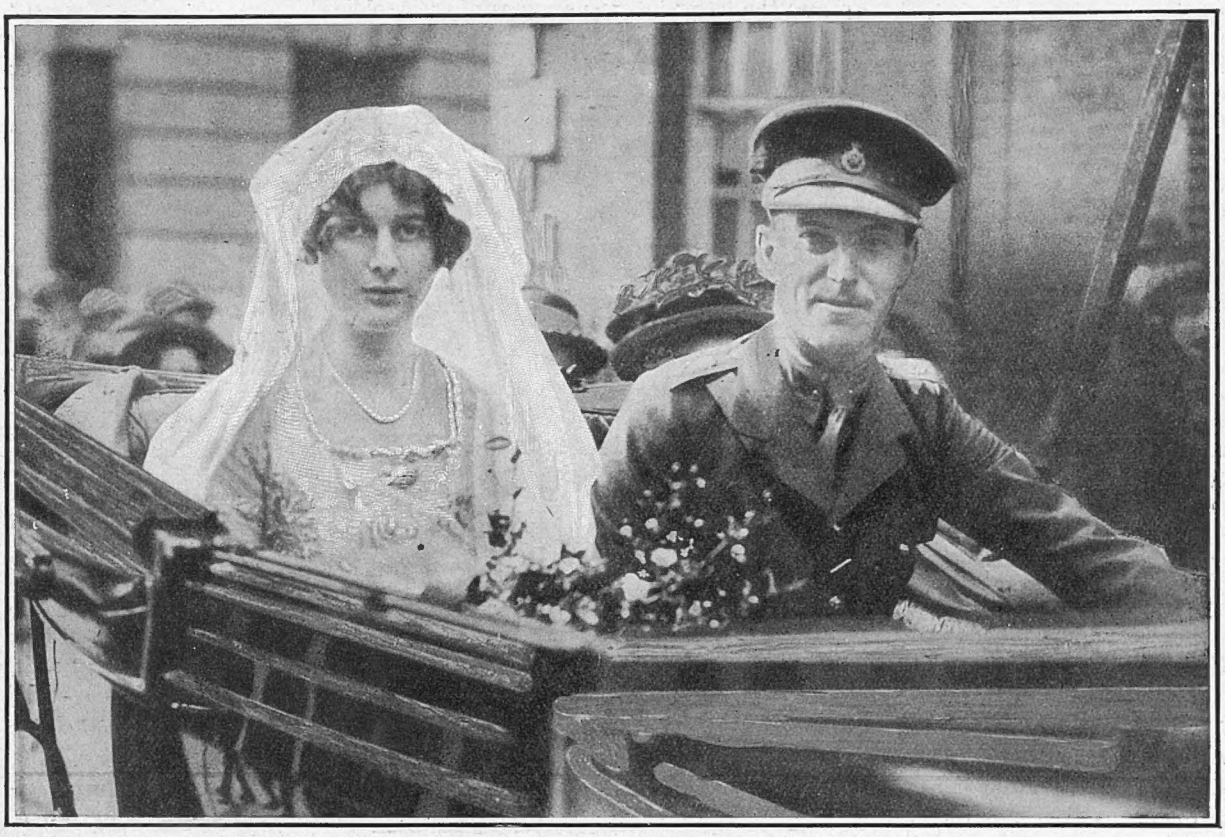
Save for his unpleasant table manners and (when a Prussian) for his supercilious intonation, before the war there existed no exceptional dislike over here for the individual German other than was caused by our distrust of the intentions of his Government. As to his success in commerce, it excited admiration, and not hatred. Nothing, however, that the *Cologne Gazette* or any other paper can do will prevent the Germans from being detested in Allied countries for a generation after the war—if there are any of them left to detest.

(*Continued on page 258*)

M. VENEZELOS

'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY: THE GRECIAN DILEMMA

Last Week's War Wedding



The Prime Minister was present at the wedding of the Hon. Clarissa Tennant, Lord Glenconner's daughter, and Captain Adrian Bethell, 2nd Life Guards. The bride and bridegroom drove from St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, where the ceremony was performed, in an open carriage

THE WEDDING GROUP

First Row, Left to Right: The bridegroom and his best man, Lord Cochran. *Second Row:* Miss Tennant, Miss Farquharson, Miss Boyd, Lady Mary Charteris, the bride, Miss Bethell, Miss O. Wyndham, Miss L. Adean. *Third Row:* Viscount Carlow and Hon. S. Tennant, the pages of honour

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 256)

Prince Louis Explains

We publish on the following page some remarks on the circumstances of Prince Louis's resignation. Apart from these, however, there comes the letter in which Prince Louis explains the position as between Mr. Churchill and himself. It appears that Mr. Churchill, week-ending at Cromer, rang up the Admiralty and "left it to Prince Louis" to do with the Fleet as he thought fit, according to his view of the situation. This disposes to some extent of the *Morning Post* theory of an "interfering civilian," but it also establishes that it was the Prince, and not Mr. Churchill, who saved the Empire. We hope that a question will be asked in the House of Lords when it re-opens to get the facts on this matter clear—also, as to the circumstances of Prince Louis's resignation three months later.

* *
*

Utter Bosh

In this connection, one of the Prince's dismissers, Mr. Arnold White ("Vanoc," in the *Referee*), justifies his own share of the hounding-out by the plea that it would have been awful, had we won the war, for the Germans to have been able to claim the credit for a German, and equally awful if we lost it, for the British to have to attach the blame to one. To which, with all deference, I reply "Bosh!" Since when has it been the custom of countries to examine the pedigrees of their soldiers and sailors and statesmen? If it had been, the Arnold Whites of revolutionary France would have hounded out Corsican Buonaparte; the Prussians of 1870 would have dismissed the Danish von Moltke; while even in the present war France would have dispensed with the services of Foch and Gallieni, of German and Italian origin, and Prussia with the Scots-descended Mackensen—to say nothing of her half-English Kaiser himself!

Photograph *Speaight*

LORD AND LADY CHESHAM

Photographed immediately after the wedding ceremony which took place at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on the 17th inst. Lord Chesham is a lieutenant in the 10th Hussars, and his bride was formerly Miss Margot Mills

* *
*

A Disclaimer—Special

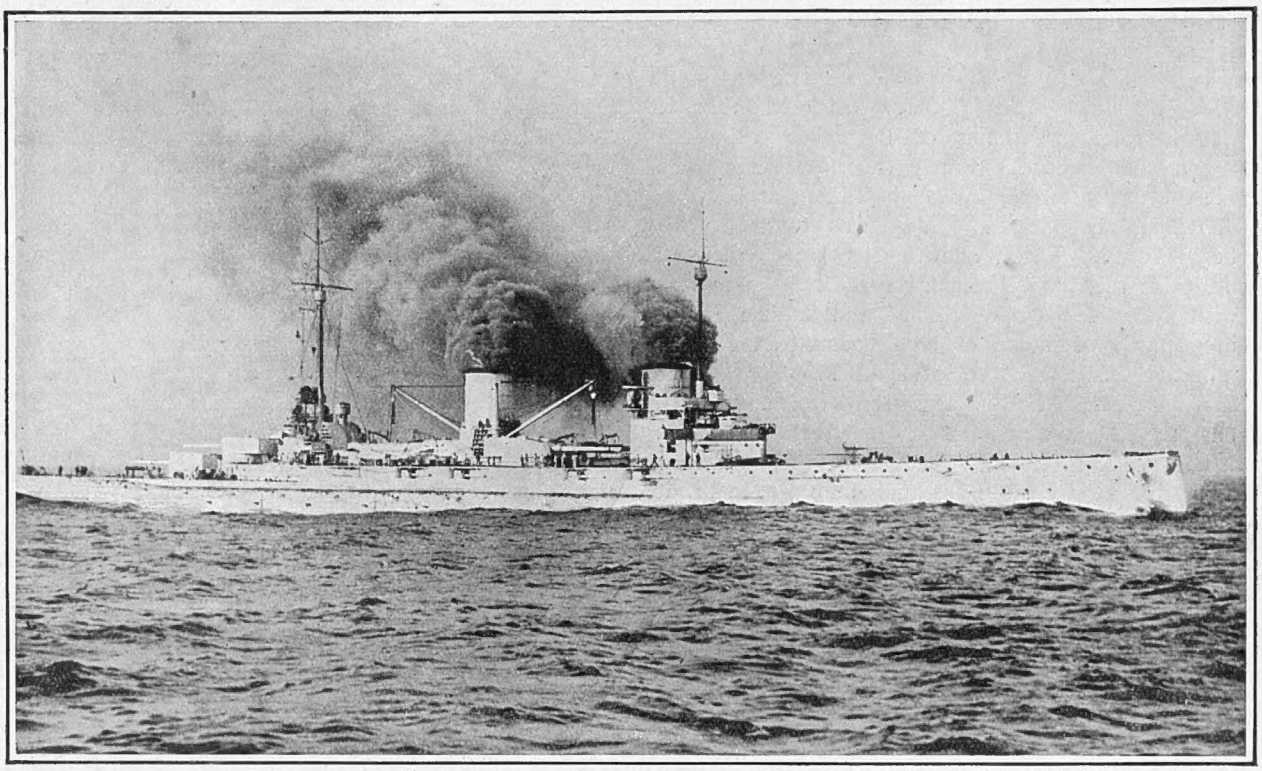
On page 266 of this issue we publish a photograph titled as that of a Captain Murray, V.C., D.S.O., etc., and giving certain details concerning him. We have since going to press with that page heard that the individual in question, whose real name is Sam Rutherford, a pattern-maker, has been arrested on a charge of theft, and his claims to military distinction being under suspicion, we ask our readers to regard the photograph and title as null and void—or as a curiosity. It was submitted to and accepted by us in perfect good faith.

WEDDING BELLS IN PLACE OF PRISONERS' BONDS

At the wedding of Major H. W. Long, R.A.M.C., and Miss Edith Faulkner, of Woodlands, West Hill, which took place at Holy Trinity Church, Wandsworth, on the 16th inst. The bridegroom had been a prisoner of war in Germany for ten months, having been captured at Mons; The Rev. B. J. O'Rourke, a personal friend of Major Long, has also been in captivity in Germany, and the best man, Major J. G. T. Denshon, R.F.A., is home on leave recovering from wounds sustained in action

The Sort of Thing That Should Happen

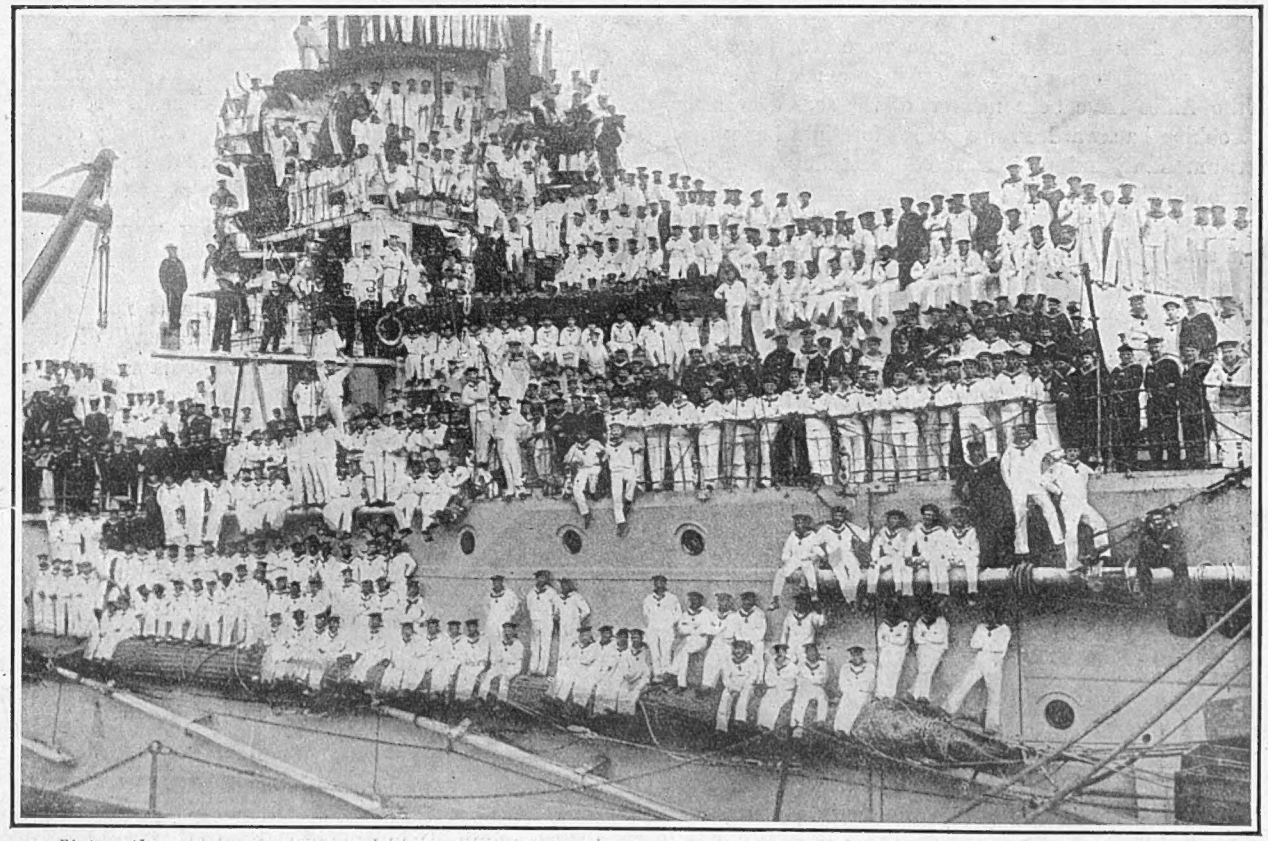
IF AN INVASION OF ENGLAND IS ATTEMPTED



Photograph *Sport and General*

THE GERMAN SUPER-DREADNOUGHT "MOLTKE"

Reported to have been the super-dreadnought which was sunk in the naval engagement in the Gulf of Riga at the end of last week. She was one of the ships which took part in the bombardment of Scarborough



Photograph *Central News*

THE "MOLTKE" AND SOME OF HER CREW

The Naval operations in the Gulf of Riga last week were apparently the outcome of an attempt by the Germans to land an invading force on the North East side of the Gulf. It is reported that this force, which was conveyed in four huge barques, was entirely exterminated, and that the Germans lost, besides the "Moltke," three cruisers and eight torpedo boats. The total failure of the enterprise is further evidence of the difficulties which would beset a hostile landing on our own shores

L'Affaire Battenberg

THE CAUSE OF THE RESIGNATION OF PRINCE LOUIS

IT has now been publicly disclosed that it is to Prince Louis of Battenberg that the nation owed the timely concentration of the Fleet before the outbreak of hostilities, as a result of which the German Navy was compelled to keep the Kiel Canal, and thereby prevented from attacking the Allied Fleets or coasts, from interfering with the transport of armies and supplies, with importation of munitions and foodstuffs, and with "business as usual." The act of Prince Louis, in short, gave to the Allies a power of resistance which has practically reduced the German design to nought.

* * *

The nation owes to Prince Louis an obligation, as it is admitted that his action was taken without the authority of the Cabinet, or even of his civil chief. Having been thus responsible for creating the conditions in which the British Empire was enabled to fight the war on favourable ground, British fairplay would have demanded, had it known the facts, that Prince Louis should have been retained in office and given the right to see his campaign through. Fairplay would have "allowed" Prince Louis a certain number of mishaps, provided the main lines of his scheme proved successful. This they undoubtedly did, for none of the losses suffered by the Fleet in the early months was of a nature to impede our strategy, our safety, or our strength.

* * *

Such mishaps as took place were countered by successes all over the world, as a result of which the Allies have been masters of the seas ever since. Looking backward, Prince Louis's foresight has proved triumphant, and to him should certainly have been allowed the opportunity of achieving the same honour as will be General Joffre's if the war in France results in a final German defeat, or Sir Ian Hamilton's if we force the Dardanelles. But Prince Louis was *not* allowed to see his scheme through. He was thrown out into the street within three months, before the balance of our mishaps—for the chief among which, by the way, Mr. Gibson Bowles, in the current *Candid Quarterly,* blames Mr. Churchill alone—had been entirely redressed. He was thrown out in response to insinuations against not his skill as a strategist, but his very loyalty to the country of his adoption.

* * *

The *Globe,* whose article drawing attention to these insinuations was followed immediately by the resignation of Prince Louis, is, after some derisory remarks about THE BYSTANDER, which is referred to as "irresponsible" and "comic," at pains to justify its conduct. It denies our charge that it "initiated" the agitation against Prince Louis, but it "found that large masses of the population were having their confidence undermined by a fact beyond which they were unable to look, and directed the attention of the Government to that fact."

* * *

The "fact" beyond which the public were unable to look was the original nationality of the Prince. In the public belief—which the *Globe* apparently shares even in its issue of August 17—Prince Louis was a "German." As a matter of fact, he is by birth an Austrian, who was naturalised in this country forty-seven years ago—two years after Austria's defeat by Prussia at Konig-gratz—since which he has spent his entire life in the British Navy.

* * *

Being "comic" and "irresponsible" we are no judges of that "honourable journalism" which the editor of the *Globe* claims, in his apologetic article, to impersonate. The one thing, however, I imagine an honourable journalist would *not* do is to "call attention" to a rumour that a British First Sea Lord in time of war is a traitor if that rumour were likely to prove to be a gross and a wicked libel, even if the spreading of it caused a pusillanimous Government to use the occasion as a pretext for dismissing the victim of the charge.

* * *

What the *Globe* did was to scare the Government into a shameful sacrifice of Prince Louis. To that extent it scored a journalistic success. What it now has to meet is the charge that it secured the sacrifice, under an odious stigma, of the honourable and brave British sailor who is now credited with an act which saved the liberty of Europe and the British Empire from German military domination. It gave publicity to the existence of rumours which were wicked lies, rumours which it could perfectly well either have treated with silent contempt or taken steps publicly to squash. It used these tarradiddles as the means of bringing off a "scoop," regardless of the injury and injustice it inflicted on a man who, though born sixty-two years ago in Austria, proved himself a great Admiral and a true Briton.

* * *

The defence that what was done was merely to "call for official notice to be taken" of the rumour that the Prince was a traitor is ridiculous. Suppose the rumour spread that the editor of the *Globe* were conducting his journal in the service of the enemy—such rumours are freely spread at these times—and another journal were publicly to call on the proprietors of the *Globe* to "take official notice" of the rumour? What else would that be than to admit that there was *reason* for such official notice—in other words, that the rumours had a possible basis in fact? If, as a result of this action, the editor of the *Globe* were asked to "resign," what would be the inference? That there *was* foundation for the rumours. Suppose they were actually a pack of lies, what would be the editor's feelings? Let him answer that question, and then let him imagine what would be the feelings of a man in the infinitely greater position of First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty in time of war. In that way he can take the measure of "honour" to which his journalism is entitled, and if the *Globe* is serious and responsible, THE BYSTANDER is devoutly thankful that it is "comic" and "irresponsible."

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

East Coast, *August* 23.

Dear Cousin—

I'VE been down on the coast for—oh, it seems years and years now, though it's only a few days really—and I've picked up quite a lot. No, I don't mean shells and things, though the skirts one wears nowadays *do* seem designed specially for paddling, so it won't be my fault if I forget my years and start building sand castles one of these days even without the excuse of having a babelet with me I've got to "amuse." What I mean is I've been picking up new ideas and stories, and so on.

* * *

England was supposed once to have "wooden walls"—though it's been iron-clad ones ever since you and I were born, hasn't it? But nowadays our tight little island seems to be girt just by sandbags, barbed wire—and stories. I don't know, if I had my choice, which of the three I'd most cheerfully undertake to swallow. They're all quite interesting, even the sandbags, because they make a seaside holiday so different from what it's ever been before.

"I have a mind to collect some of the seaweed from the beach and take home to the cook"

* * *

I've had sand in my eyes and sand in my shoes, and I was once with quite a large party when there was sand in everyone's watch and nobody knew the time. But I've never seen so much sand in bags before. Even Brighton is afflicted, they tell me, although the Mayor, I gather, is indignant at the suggestion that bathing would shortly become impossible and closed piers interfere with "Holidays as Usual."

* * *

But I started to say something about the stories one hears on the coast. They're mostly submarine stories, and I think the people who tell them *must* have been consorting with the sea-serpent. Of course, nobody connected with our Navy has ever liked advertising themselves, have they? And we all know they're too modest to tell us how many German submarines they've caught. So the people with stories to tell have it all their own way.

* * *

I suppose von Tirpitz and his friends really do know, but as they can't frequent English watering-places (except for a long-distance shot or two now and then at "fortified towns" like Whitehaven) they haven't learnt how it's done. If they could they'd soon learn of several ways, instead of having to offer—as I hear they have—£5,000 reward to anyone who'll tell them why their U boats don't come back. Perhaps even if they'd heard all *I* have they'd still have to offer the reward—just to find out which was the right one.

* * *

The one I like best is—but, there, I suppose I mustn't tell it in case it had some likeness to the truth and they took me through the Traitor's Gate into the Tower. As a *very* serious man explained to me (much too ponderous for me except in war-time, when unhumorous people are positively quite welcome now and then) there must be something in some of the stories.

* * *

If you take the number of submarines that the Germans must have built by this time and consider the amount of harm they're doing—though the new ones *can* stay so many days at sea—it's quite clear that some sort of ill-fortune must be dogging them and bringing them, ship, crew, and all, into our net, so to speak. I do hope I haven't given anything away.

* * *

As I said, we're all inclined to be just a bit more serious, and you've really no idea how serious I *can* be—luckily for you and anyone else who may happen to read this letter that I don't let it happen very frequently. And now I see I've made a dear soldier man somewhere in France—of course, he didn't say where, but he did put a stamp on it, and I suppose it never occurred to the Censor that I might look at the post-mark, but I won't give it away—more serious than he

". . . and they took me through the Traitor's Gate into the Tower"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 261)

was before, just by writing about the people who aren't serious enough.

* * *

"The mysterious 'Front,'" he writes, "does not commence on the quay of a French port, and there are many khaki-clad non-combatants, sound in wind and limb, on this side of the Channel who are as securely *embusqués* in their heroic billets as any knut who is 'waiting to be fetched.' The knut in this case is the more honest." He goes on to refer to strikes, Murray's, ragtime, big dividends, and autumn fashions—and it's all apropos of what I wrote about people who were advertising themselves rather more than they were helping war charities.

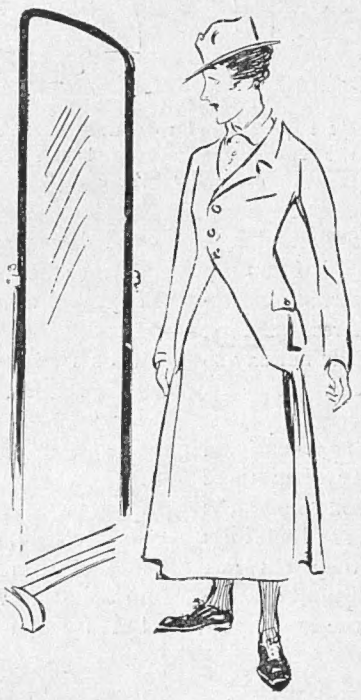
* * *

Of course, the dear man is quite right, and I don't take back a word I said. But if some of the people who hang on the fringe of every movement make people talk about them because of the way they do things, I don't want anybody to think that they are *all* the movement or that, because we still laugh and frivol, we forget or underestimate what is being done and suffered at —— and other places which are not bases.

* * *

From "Somewhere in the North Sea" comes "an authentic yarn" which is offered me as "a small tribute for the nice sparkly letter that we look forward to each week." (How nice the dear things can be when they set out to be charming!) "During the men's stand-easy for tea this afternoon I was writing in my cabin, and overheard the sentry and messenger on the half-deck having a quiet chat. The sentry said, 'I'm about fed up with this, and it looks like another year.' The bluejacket replied, 'Fed up, are you? Why, I've made a pome about it. It goes this way:

'Lord, how we hate this life we live,
We sailors of Thy sea-girt isle.
We'll cheerily take what thou may'st give,
But let us grouse just once a while.'"



"Of course, we're not going to adopt a standard dress"

* * *

I should think we *would* let them grouse. The men in the trenches do get a little excitement once in a while and chances to distinguish themselves — though I hear some of them have implored their officers not to recommend them for V.C.'s on account of the terrifying experiences of heroes on leave—while Jack Tar on a battleship goes up and down, seeking whom he may devour, and finding nothing. And the performances he has to go through to keep himself fit you'd hardly believe—all for an enemy whom some of the men are getting to think is just a myth (though they don't put it quite that way).

* * *

It's quite evident the Kaiser keeps an eye on THE BYSTANDER and remembers it in his prayers nightly. I ended my letter a fortnight ago with the remark "But the Zeps tarry." And promptly they did it again. I really *must* be more careful, for, although the Hun airships never manage to hurt anything of the slightest military value, they do manage to bag a few innocent women and children.

* * *

Everywhere "economy" is getting to be the hardest-worked word in the English language now. And I hear that some of the ladies who haven't been asked to join the Committee of the Women's War Economy League are going to show the world how much in earnest they are by getting up cookery classes of quite a new kind. Instead of practising on invalid delicacies or even that sort of cookery known in the suburbs as "plain," they're going to learn how to make tasty dishes of some of the long-neglected articles of food that people have been writing to the newspapers about—like seaweed.

* * *

"Dulse and Tangle," they tell us, was once quite a common cry in Edinburgh, and, really, a food with such a nice name *ought* to be rather fascinating. I've got half a mind to collect some of the seaweed from the beach and take it home to cook. Perhaps if I put it in a basket and told her it was "Dulse" or "Tangle" she might evolve an *entrée* or a savoury or something from it—and I should be a pioneer. But it's much more likely she'd give me notice on the spot. And that reminds me of another side of the question. Of course we're not going to adopt a standard dress!

* * *

The amateur strategist is talking hard just now about Gallipoli, and you've no idea what a relief it is to have him stop explaining away the Russian retreat. It was from the Stock Exchange, of all places, that many people got their first tip about something big coming on out there. Since the war and minimum prices came in we haven't sat at the feet of the "inside information" prophets of Throgmorton Street as we used to. But they've made a new bid for a reputation for being in the know by booming Russian oil and the capture of Constantinople.

* * *

There *may* be something in it, too. Just about the time Sir Ian Hamilton's dispatches began to give us new hope I heard from an army man that we positively *must* do something by October 1 or sit tight for ever so long, because the weather will be so bad. You remember it was the weather that was the trouble in the spring, after we'd given the Turks such good long notice of what we were going to do.

* * *

Anyway, the get-it-straight-from-the-stable people have quite forgotten both East and West now, and are talking nothing but South-East—Gallipoli and the Balkans and the British troops that are not in Flanders, and not in Turkey, and not training at home, but—hush! Not a word.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

The Lady Blanche Somerset

Photograph *Yevonde*

A charming portrait study of the elder daughter of the present Duke of Beaufort. Her mother, who was Baroness Carlo de Tuyll, married the Duke in 1895. Her brother, Lord Worcester, is still at Eton

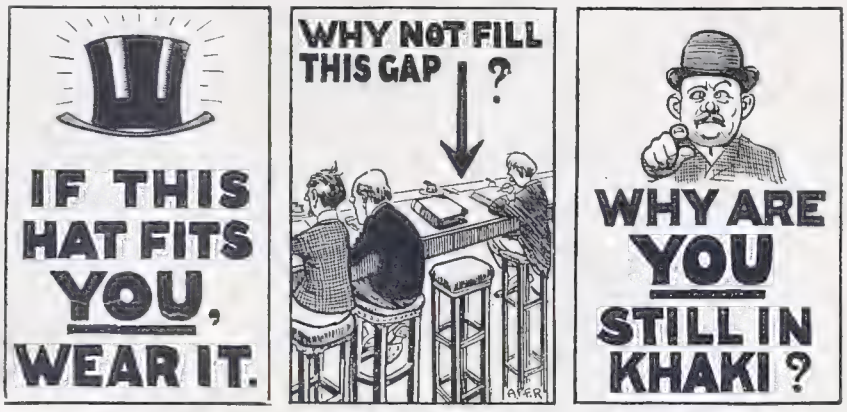
The Next Outbreak of Peace

What we may expect to find in the newspapers should the normal conditions of war be rudely disturbed by an outbreak of European Peace

PEACE ITEMS

WEEK-END CIVILIANS.—Many able-minded soldiers who for some good and sufficient reason have as yet been unable to join the civilian ranks, but are anxious to do their bit, have formed themselves into a unit under the auspices of a Central Association in order that they may utilise their spare time in training under competent instructors to become physically unfit.

* * *



SOME RECRUITING FROM THE ARMY POSTERS
Hints for the Peace Office when the time comes for recruiting for Civilian Ranks

SPARETIME PEACE WORKERS.—Many other men who have already gone far in this direction have been served out with *very* pale-blue ties, the wearing of which enables them to undertake civilian duties in their spare time, such as the selling of programmes and the carrying out of duties as escorts to nursemaids in the London Parks. The pale-blue ties denote recognition by the L.C.C., and can be worn on their ordinary military uniforms, or a complete suit of mufti may be provided at the wearer's own expense, to be worn only when carrying out civilian duties.

* * *

TELESCOPE CREWS.—Anti-aircraft men are offering themselves in large numbers to the Peace Office as crews to man the telescopes mounted at our great observatories. Their duties would be carried out in their spare time during the night, and would consist largely in watching the skies for outbreaks or changes in the astronomical world.

* * *

THE R.B.F.C. (*Royal Bathing Fatality Corps*).—A corps has been formed, largely composed of men from submarine crews, for the purpose of offering themselves as *real* drowning men in order to afford practice to life-saving societies during the coming bathing season.

* * *

NOT TOO OLD AT 83.—Mr. Theodore Brown, who did excellent service for the country during the last great Peace, has, in spite of his age, offered his services to the Minister of Peace in the present great crisis. At the end of the last great Peace he retired with many honours into the army for a well-earned rest from Peace labours. Prior to his retirement he gained many distinctions and promotions, rising from the position of junior office boy to that of managing director of a great hosiery firm. Although now too old for active peace work, he has gallantly come forward in the hour of his country's need and offered himself to the Government as a shop-walker.

* * *

INTERNMENT CAMPS.—Thousands of British-born subjects are being interned all over the country as a precaution against their filling positions which could more cheaply be occupied by late enemy aliens.

* * *

COMPULSORY CIVILIANISM.—In spite of the great outcry in certain quarters against compulsion, the authorities are seriously considering the advisability of compelling those men in the army of suitable age to join the ranks of civilianism. It is argued that a man who is compelled by force to sit on an office stool is valueless compared to the man who gives up his sporting open air military life voluntarily. Many others, again, argue that they will leave the army if they're fetched, but do not see why they should give up their subalternships while there are still so many older men (Generals and Colonels) who could more easily be spared for work in offices, breweries, etc. A. S. A.

YOUR BOSS AND OFFICE NEED YOU

? If You are Still in Khaki ASK YOURSELF THESE FIVE QUESTIONS ?

1. Is your conscience clear when, returning home from your daily healthy military exercise, you encounter thousands of weary civilian clerks struggling homewards from germ-laden offices ?
2. Is your conscience clear when you, in your single blessedness as a subaltern on Army pay, pass in the street worn-out civilians trudging along with their wives and the large families they are rearing for their King and Country ?
3. Is your conscience clear when, enjoying some of those thousands of cigarettes accumulated during war-time, you see overworked civilians going smokeless to work ?
4. Is your conscience clear when, in the comfort of your warm khaki uniform, you pass shabby civilians in the clothes they have had to purchase themselves ?
5. Is your conscience clear when for months you have been helping to blow up and demolish whole streets of buildings, you pass a poor devil of a civilian being arrested for breaking a shop-window ?

GOD SAVE THE L.C.C.

The Expert

CAVALRY OFFICER: "Yes, but do you know anything about horses?"

RECRUIT: "Me, know anything about 'osses? ME! wot backed a winner and two seconds on Friday!"

BY WILL OWEN

"Somewhere in Flanders"

BY A BYSTANDER ON ACTIVE SERVICE

My Dear Bystander—

So yet another hostile gasbag has gone to its rest, and at this moment of writing on the early morning of August 12 I learn from an eye-witness—a reconnoitring aviator who has just returned for his breakfast—that somewhere in Belgium a little crowd of wet-eyed Huns is gathered solemnly around the shapeless hulk of what was once the pride of a kultured Fatherland, and now—aye, now!—but a thing of joy to souvenir-hunters and sponge-bag manufacturers.

* * *

And ever and anon as the mourners pay their last respects to the tattered heap of chaos at their feet the atmosphere quivers (even at 8,000 feet) with the gutteral roar of "Gott strafe Dunkirk," delivered in chorus at regular half-minute intervals with a reverberating gusto which only a life-long devotion to rare old sauerkraut could ever have engendered.

* * *

Thus have our dashing Dunkirk flying-men added fresh lustre to the name of the Royal Naval Air Service, which has done so much since the outbreak of the war to give old Graf Zeppelin, the "gas king," many a sleepless and agitated night.

* * *

The experiences of the aviator detailed off to intercept the airship, in tow behind a torpedo-boat destroyer, were unusual and adventurous. Soon after getting away he found himself enveloped in clouds which proved so black as to compel him to plane down at a very steep angle. He emerged from one cloud, and was just about to plunge into another when he perceived with a thrill that what he took for a cloud was in reality the Zeppelin envelope, "acres of it in every direction" floating at about 2,000 feet in the air, and attached to the destroyer by a steel cable. And how the crew of the Zeppelin ever succeeded in successfully connecting up with the ship is another demonstration of the extraordinary ingenuity of which the Germans are capable!

* * *

He noticed that the dirigible, far from presenting the sleek, well-fed appearance identified with airships and bank managers, appeared to have been deprived by our artillery of nearly all her nourishment, and gave the impression of a mere skeleton—"just a bag of bones"—containing just enough gas to keep her in the air.

* * *

Peppered all the time by German coast guns and worried by kites which the Germans were flying at varying altitudes with the object of fouling his machine, he delivered his supply of bombs, and noted with rare pleasure that the body of the Zeppelin began suddenly to take on a voluptuous swaying motion, indicating to his tutored eye the dislocation of the spinal cord. The release of his last bomb gave him still more the impression of a giant moribund caterpillar perambulating in four different directions at once. He said that the "witching waves" at the White City were nothing to it. It was almost with reluctance—subjected to heavy and continuous fire as he was—that he tore himself away from the contemplation of this weird and wonderful panorama of tortured gaseosity.

* * *

One is apt to wonder how it is that an airship which is the recipient of a 20lb. bomb does not disintegrate immediately with a loud and terrible report, but experience has shown that it is by no means an easy matter to cause a Zeppelin to explode by bomb fire, which is due to the fact that hydrogen is not an explosive gas until it becomes mixed with air, and, though bombs can wreck the framework, it requires a second bomb dropped hard by the spot where the first one fell and within range of the escaping hydrogen to bring about the explosion of the envelope.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

VERILY A MAN OF HONOUR!

Captain Murray, who has, since the war, been awarded the D.S.O., Legion of Honour, and Victoria Cross. One of the four surviving officers of the Black Watch, he is now home recovering from poison gas. He took part in the famous charge of the Greys and Black Watch, and went into it with a brother in the Greys who was killed.

Take this Portrait out of Order Sir?

That Sword

HOW HE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO USE IT—

—AND HOW HE DID USE IT

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Excuse Me!"

THE CATERPILLAR SEASON IN THE PARK—EMBARRASSING ATTENTIONS

WHAT NOW of the WAR?

Aspects and Prospects by Land and Sea

At Home and Abroad

BY MAJOR G. W. REDWAY

THE Editor of the *Times* has suddenly become aware of the existence of a by-product of the New Armies in the shape of the begging-advertisement officer, who has for some time past utilised the "personal" column of that newspaper for his appeals to the charitable. Perhaps the *Times* would have done the State more service by suppressing the advertisements instead of printing a leader upon the subject. But since the topic is under discussion it may be well to recall the unwritten law of the "old" army, which demanded that when the earthen vessel went for a swim with the iron pot it should sink decently in silence after the inevitable crash—in other words, an officer who could not pay his mess bill sent in his papers.

* * * * *

That was the rule under peace conditions, although resignation then meant extinction as a soldier, but now we are at war there is no sense in a young officer taking arms against a sea of financial troubles since he can enlist as a private and so find his economic level. It is very certain that young men cannot give their minds to their—temporary—profession while harassed by creditors; and it may be that such preoccupation of civilian officers will account for many soldiers complaining that they are half-starved through the inattention of their immediate superiors to such matters as breakfast, dinner, and tea. For, of course, soldiering is very largely an affair of the stomach, and the rank-and-file are quite willing to take on trust an officer's tactical skill or personal courage if he will but give proof of his powers as a caterer three times daily.

* * * * *

Such defection becomes, too, a great obstacle to recruiting, for though the Censor may suppress letters from the Front, he cannot prevent the New Armies under training at home delivering themselves of their views and opinions by correspondence, and these letters get circulated, and perhaps account for the presence of entire army corps in mufti being decorated with *Noli me tangere* badges, as at Brighton in August. And it is not so much a lack of pugnacity as the dread of being put upon while under training that stimulates resistance to any form of conscription.

Meanwhile Germany is taking boys of sixteen from school to undergo the exercises which are preliminary to the ordinary military training, and three or four years hence our men will find opposed to them stout fellows of nineteen or twenty who have been bred to arms. Russia is even now calling out her young men who were born in 1896. In Paris no man in mufti is immune from arrest by the police, and he is lucky if he can produce papers to prove that he is indubitably a neutral. In England, however, a man may not only brazen it out himself, but employ another able-bodied male to brush his clothes and drive his new American car.

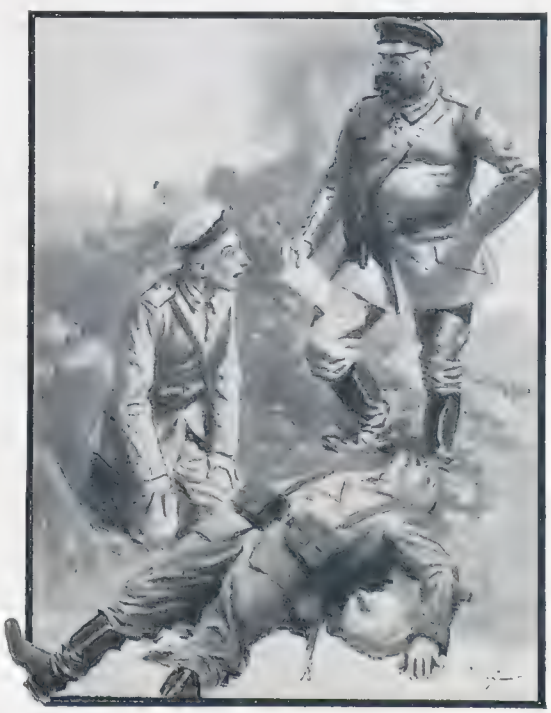
* * * * *

That the military plans of the Austro-Germans are subservient to the demands of Prussian diplomacy is shown by the shifting of the centre of gravity to the East in mid-August. Upon the assumption—surely a fair one—that the Russian armies are at present incapable of taking the offensive, pure strategy would dictate to the invaders a defensive against the Grand Duke and a concentration against General Joffre. For nothing is ever gained by over-running Russia, as Charles XII. and Napoleon both discovered, while a renewal of the attack on France, which was begun last August, is from the German point of view, full of promise. But since the immobility of General Joffre enables the Kaiser to choose his course of action, he has evidently decided to win Bulgaria and Roumania to the side of the Turks, as a counterpoise to our Dardanelles enterprise, before undertaking fresh operations in the West. This policy is facilitated by ample reports of his prowess east of Warsaw.

* * * * *

The Balkan nations are now, as it were, in the market, and we need not pretend that their value is not high at this juncture; but fortune is fickle, and Sir Ian Hamilton may bring their stock below par by

(Continued on page 272)



THE SHORTAGE OF METAL IN GERMANY

GERMAN COLONEL: "Dead, is he? Then look in his mouth to see if his teeth are stuffed with gold!"

By a French Artist

Modes from the Mediterranean

SOME VARIETIES OF KIT IN THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT

IN ORIENTAL STYLE

BATH PARADE

PITH HELMETS AND MARCHING KIT

SHORTS

FATIGUE DRESS

—AND—

THE MODE OF NATURE

Photographs — *Private Hambling, 6th Manchester Regt.*

The above snapshots, taken by a private soldier with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, give an idea of the varieties of toggery and headgear favoured by our soldiers in the Sunny South. Also their faces afford an idea of the cheeriness of spirit which never deserts the British soldier

Heroes of "V" Beach

WHERE THE "RIVER CLYDE" WAS RUN ASHORE

Photograph *Midshipman G. L. Drewry, V.C.*

Photograph *C.N.*
MIDSHIPMAN GEORGE LESLIE DREWRY, R.N.R., V.C.

SEAMAN GEORGE SAMSON, V.C.

Photograph *Russell, South ea*
COMMANDER E. G. ROBINSON, V.C.

The photograph, taken by Midshipman George Drewry, V.C., shows the beaching of the Collier "River Clyde"—a perilous operation undertaken, as Admiral de Robeck's recently published despatch tells us, in order to "form a convenient breakwater during future landing of stores, etc." The photographer gained his Cross during the operation

WHAT NOW OF THE WAR? (concluded from page 269)

opening the Dardanelles without their assistance. The quidnuncs of the smoking-room are already hot on the question whether the Prussians will get to Petrograd ere the Allies take Constantinople.

* * * * *

An Amsterdam report which declared that the Turks admitted a landing of our forces on August 7 behind the lines of Bulair has not been supplemented, and we are left to conjecture the meaning of this message: "We completely dispersed the enemy's forces which landed near Karachali. He left behind some twenty dead." For a few days the report afforded the amateur strategist a peg whereon to hang his disquisitions about lines of communication and all the rest of it, and wonderful things were shown to be possible, as, of course, "pigs might fly." But as an exposition of the gentle art of pulling the leg of the public it would be hard to beat the following from the *Standard*: "Certainly Napoleon never found himself on the eve of battle in a more advantageous position than that of the Grand Duke at the present time." This daring announcement appeared on the day when the Russians were streaming through Warsaw and Praga in order to put the Vistula between themselves and the enemy after their left had been turned by the capture of Ivangorod!

* * * * *

There are loud complaints from the Front of a plague of August flies, and a sufferer speaks of the misery of the wounded in a field ambulance near Ypres. "The R.A.M.C. people don't know what to do, and can't cope with the huge numbers." May I suggest that they should ask the Officer Commanding the 3rd Suffolk Regiment how he contrives to keep a large camp entirely free from the pest. I must not, I suppose, state the whereabouts of this unit, but "somewhere on the East Coast" would be a sufficient address. Buckets of a certain mixture and a garden hose form the simple remedy, but the ingredients of the liquid I have unfortunately forgotten.

* * * * *

Two Zeppelin raids within a week have failed to bring about such a sense of our "shamelessness" as would satisfy the *Hamburger Nachrichten*. Of course, a few people are killed and injured, but surprisingly little damage is done by these monstrous aircraft that come at present as "single spies." The Channel voyage in variegated weather is still a difficulty, and at both ends of the journey hostile airmen await the travellers. But there has been no battle in the air such as Tennyson saw in his vision of "Locksley Hall," when—

"The heavens filled with shouting and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue."

How the prophecies of the "experts" pale before those of the poets! Tennyson wrote when the only species of aircraft was a balloon, and even he was anticipated by our old friend, Horace, who put on his list of legendary dare-devils Dædalus, the airman, "*pennis non homini datis*."

* * * * *

France, who set the fashion for secrecy in this war, is fast breaking down the barrier of silence, and presently, no doubt, we shall begin to understand one another. The yellow-covered brochures issued in Paris as *Pages de l'Histoire* are full of revelations, and from time to time the English public is approached through Reuter or the *Times* with little confidences. We had the "French Official Account" in February, and last month appeared "The Achievements of France," which, representing "the highest French military opinion," contain just the sort of information that English military writers have been forbidden to give, as, for instance, the number of troops mobilised by France last August, and a description of the vulnerable points in the French defences. Then M. Paul Parsy, in the *British Review*, discloses the true inwardness of the Dalbiez Law and summarises M. Charles Humbert's prophetic articles in regard to German artillery. All this literary activity, however, must bewilder our Censors, whose code still requires them to regard our neighbour's affairs as sacrosanct. So much so that the article on Calais written for THE BYSTANDER was mutilated beyond repair. It seems that in this matter one man may better steal a horse than another look over the hedge, and the height of absurdity was reached when the *Times* was prosecuted in the supposed interests of our Ally, who promptly repudiated its champions. The truth is that France sees more clearly than the British Government that our people must realise her great need before they will adopt extraordinary measures to satisfy it.

RECRUITING FOR THE NAVVIES' BATTALION

SERGEANT: "What denomination are you? Church of England?"
RECRUIT: "Oh, I ain't partic'lar. What are yer short of?"

Musings on Fashion

HOW ITS INFLUENCE IS UNCONQUERABLE, ITS VITALITY UNQUENCHABLE, ITS FICKLENESS INSUFFERABLE

THE profanities of Fashion are meteoric as ever; in fact, a new vogue peters out almost as soon as it is introduced. They tell me the life of all novelties is shorter-lived than ever since the war—and so it seems. Floating veils on the back of the hat came in with the fly campaign; but already, though the flies remain, the veils have vanished. The short-hair craze is over, and cropped beauties are distractedly hunting for transformations that bear some resemblance to the *coiffure* now considered "It." But with a style of hairdressing that forbids a hint of fluffiness round the face or neck that is impossible. How dearly we sometimes have to pay for a moment's daring caprice!

* * *

The autumn. . . . What is it likely to bring in the way of sartorial vagaries? Some hint of a *mode*, I suppose, that reminds one of drawings in dusty back numbers of *Punch*. We seem destined to be wedded to Victorianism for some time to come. Being completely divorced from those days in our attitude of mind this upholds Dame Fashion's immemorial inconsequence. *It shall be so:* that is considered enough.

* * *

Once I tried to launch a scheme for killing Fashion. It looked awfully well on paper, and my arguments ranged from the æsthetic to the economic and the moral. But I gave it up for the simple reason that I got so utterly bored with facing one form of counter-attack whenever the subject was discussed. Men and women all made the same remark: "You will kill individualism in dress." . . .

* * *

I got so tired of combating this; I lost so many friends from pointing out to them that they were nothing but little replicas (often bad at that) of the momentary vogue, that I lost all faith in my convictions.

* * *

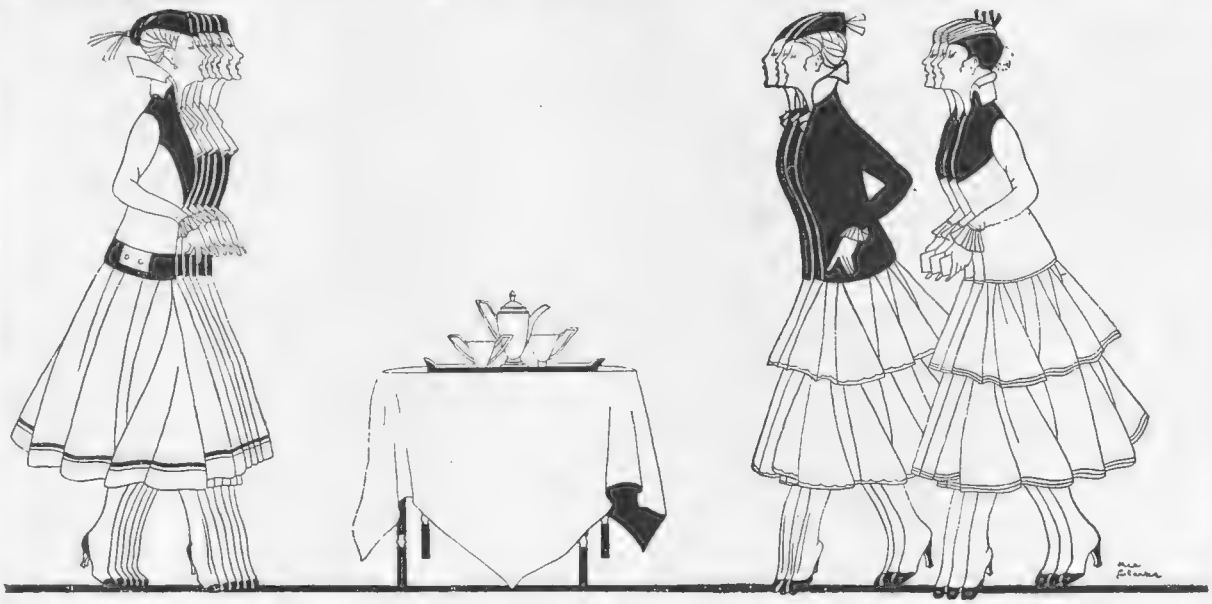
By individualism most people mean having the right to go out and buy what everybody else is buying and so stamping oneself with Fashion's trade-mark as soon as the things are on one's back. Whereas individuality is a purely personal quality, not to be bought at any price, however forced the sale.

* * *

Go to any restaurant and pick out any dozen women who make the littlest attempt of being in the vogue and they will have at least a dozen little fripperies in common, of the sort that in their coming and going completely alter styles and

"The short hair craze is over, and cropped beauties are distractedly hunting for transformations that bear some resemblance to the coiffure now considered 'It'"

MUSINGS ON FASHION (concluded)



"Go into any restaurant and pick out any dozen women who make the littlest attempt of being in the vogue"

pour vast sums of gold into the coffers of dress-makers, tailors, and shops. A drawing of these twelve "well-dressed" women standing in a row would make a beautiful symmetrical frieze pattern, duly conventionalised in keeping with the principle of all good design! That is individualism interpreted in the terms of dress. . . .

* * *

What is it that gives this extraordinary vitality to Fashion? War Loans and War Thrift don't affect it in the least. Paris, to-day, can do little more than throw out hints; Viennese tailors are all under lock and key; our *midinettes* are making shells; our leaders, in the realm of dress, are dusting hospital wards.

* * *

And yet. . . . the world appears as smart as ever, which means that it looks as it has not looked for a very long while; that our skirts are such and such a length, our hats at such and such an angle, waists where man proposes, frills where they ought to be, *décolleté* exact to the latest decree.

* * *

Rigged to order (never to choice) we now await the autumn mandate, prepared to re-robe ourselves, no matter what the penalty in appearance or hard cash.

* * *

Like puppets we dance to the compelling tune of "Everybody's Doing It." Man, the arch-exploiter of Woman's love of follow-my-leader, pipes the ditty with immense success. He takes care to keep his own get-up within the realms of reason; with, like reason, painfully uninteresting results. If he would learn from woman that colour and supple materials *matter*, and she would learn from him that the *cut* of her garments need not be altered every other month, men would be more beautiful and women infinitely less expensive.

* * *

As an after-the-war resolution why not adopt these ideas? D. L.-B.

"I lost all my friends"

Kultur Kostumes

"The coming German fashion, therefore, must be modest, it must not injure in ever so remote a degree the organs of the body. Its lines must depart from the accepted canons of grace if these injure the body or endanger the highest aspirations of women."

Extract from article in the NEUESTE NACHRICHTEN, *Munich.* *Specially Illustrated by* THE BYSTANDER

The Man Who Found Ostrogolsk

BY JOHN N. RAPHAEL

An Immoral Story of Journalistic Enterprise

IT was five o'clock when Ralph Oliver's cigar went out. He fumbled carefully through all his pockets, failed to find a match, threw the cigar-stub over the hand-rail of the bridge into the mill stream, and swore gently but fervently for several seconds.

Dusk was curling in slowly over the edges of the landscape, and the mill had stopped. Presently Irma, the miller's plump and pleasant little wife, appeared at the window of the mill-house and drew the white linen blinds. Through them there shone the ruddy light of a wood fire (spring evenings are cold in Orsova), and a moment later the yellow radiance of the freshly lighted lamp.

"I wonder why they are using the best room this evening," thought Oliver; "it isn't Sunday, and even if it were——," and then the strains of the Chopin Impromptu, played by a master hand, floated out on to the evening air. "It can't be," said Ralph, "why, it's absurd, impossible."

But, as it proved, it was neither impossible nor absurd. The music stopped, a man crossed the room between the window and the lamp, and, as his shadow fell upon the blind, Ralph Oliver saw that his first idea had been the right one. There was no mistaking that leonine head and beardless, boyish face with the clear-cut features. It was Ostrogolsk—and if a doubt were possible, the way in which he had played Chopin had made assurance doubly sure.

"Ostrogolsk here in Orsova," said Ralph; "there ought to be a story in it, somehow."

Oliver was a journalist on the staff of the *Daily Telephone*. He had been sent, about a month before, to Orsova in quest of "brigand copy," and that afternoon was to have been the last one of his stay, for he had not done what he started out to do, and the curtness of the telegram which had told him an hour before to return to New York had shown the young man that his editor was anything but pleased with him.

Orsova lies at the south-eastern extremity of the Carpathian Mountains, perched on the frontiers of Austria, Servia and Rumania at the point where the Danube separates that land of strife from the northern spur of Hæmus.

The customs and the etiquette of Brooklyn, or of Fifth Avenue, do not prevail in the Carpathians, and Oliver, having decided that he would like to see Ostrogolsk, entered the mill-house without formality of any kind, and rapped at the door of the "best room." There was no answer, so he turned the handle and went in. Ostrogolsk—for the shadow on the blind was, as Oliver had thought, that of the pianist whose genius had been holding Europe breathless for the last two seasons—Ostrogolsk was lolling in a large armchair before the fire, apparently asleep.

"How white and ill the man does look," said Oliver to himself. "It seems a shame to wake him. And yet I must take *something* back from Orsova, and as I've got to leave to-morrow morning it must be to-night or never."

The journalist moved a chair about and coughed a little, but Ostrogolsk did not stir.

"I'm not surprised that he's done up, poor beggar—the journey was the last straw I expect, and after being lionised as he has been since March no wonder he escaped as far away as possible and to a quiet corner. People won't look for Ostrogolsk in Orsova—unless I tell them to."

Absurd as any layman might have thought it, the fact that Ostrogolsk, the pianist, was in Orsova, and that nobody except Ralph Oliver knew that he was there might, if Ralph knew how to use it, prove an important feather in his journalistic cap.

For months past the public and the newspapers had been greedy for any detail, no matter how minute or insignificant, about the great musician's doings, and Oliver knew that his sudden disappearance and the want of information as to his whereabouts must have set every newspaper agog for news of him. The question now was, what should he do to wake him, and when the great man did awaken, on what plea should he introduce himself?

"A fellow with a face like that can't be a brute," thought Oliver. "I'll tell him what a mess I've made of things in Orsova, and—yes, by Jove, I'll tell him about Beryl too."

Beryl Hungerford, the only daughter of Basil Hungerford, who owned the *Telephone*, had been a playmate of Ralph Oliver's, and was his affianced wife. Her father had raised no objection to the young folks' engagement, but he had stipulated that the son of his old friend should make himself a name in the newspaper world before he married Beryl.

"Ralph Oliver, a nobody on the *Telephone*, can't have my only daughter," he had said, putting his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder. "But Ralph Oliver, our distinguished special correspondent, can, and shall have, Beryl, when he has a right to ask for her. Come, Ralph, there's copy to be got in the Carpathians. Go and get it, and when you come back we'll have another talk about your future."

The hoped-for copy had, unfortunately, not materialised, but the unexpected arrival of Ostrogolsk was a sufficient excuse for Oliver to disobey the editorial mandate to return.

"I only wish he would wake up," he said.

Just then Irma, the miller's wife, came in with the supper.

"Yes," she said, in answer to Ralph's whispered question. "He got here late last night, and has been asleep almost all day. He is Mr. Vlasto, from Buda Pesth, and has come here for a rest. We know him here in Orsova; he often comes here in the early summer." And Oliver understood now how it was that Ostrogolsk had sometimes disappeared from the world's ken for months together.

"I think I'll wake him now," said Irma, "or the *goulasch* will be cold."

She bent over the man in the armchair, and touched him on the shoulder.

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(Continued on page 278)

The Optimist

MOTORIST (on bank): "Nowadays one can afford to smile at a little accident like this when one thinks of the poor beggars in the trenches!"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded)

At her touch his head fell forward on to his breast, and Oliver rushed to the armchair only in time to save the frightened woman and Ostrogolsk from rolling into the fire together. In doing so, he touched the musician's ice-cold fingers. "My God," he muttered—"God in Heaven!"

Stephan Ostrogolsk was dead.

For a few seconds the miller's wife and the Englishman stood gazing at one another in panting silence, and the words "What ought I to do with it—what ought I to do with it?" began to batter themselves upon Ralph Oliver's temples in a meaningless and unconscious effort to keep up with the rhythm of the loud-ticking clock on the mantelpiece.

"Cuckoo," said the clock with a sudden whizz, and the breaking of the silence brought the woman and the journalist to life again.

Irma ran, shrieking as she went, to find her husband, and in less than an hour the room filled with people.

"Rupture of an aneurism, excessive fatigue and over-strain," was the doctor's pronouncement; "a friend of yours, sir?" "Yes," answered Oliver, without thinking what he was saying. "Yes, a great friend—Vlasto, of Buda Pesth."

And that, in Orsova, was Ostrogolsk's epitaph.

. . . . . .

"This is a wonderful story of young Oliver's," said Henderson, the chief editor of the *Telephone*, to Mr. Hungerford.

"Yes, Oliver's a good man, and we'll run the story for all it's worth. Just fancy Ostrogolsk running wild in the Carpathians, dressed in skins and harping to the birds and beasts and fishes. We've evidently got the story to ourselves, and the *Post* people will go wild with envy. Our advertisers needed a slight fillip, too, and this should give it to them."

"It's the best and biggest newspaper beat we've ever had," said Henderson with conviction, "and it will make young Oliver's fortune as a journalist. He'll always be known as the man who found Ostrogolsk now."

"So *he* thinks," laughed Basil Hungerford, patting a letter which lay on the desk before him.

When Henderson had left him, Hungerford unfolded Oliver's long letter, and laughed again. "It's clever of the boy, d——d clever," he said, "and I really see no harm whatever in the fake, for Ostrogolsk has no relations. Yes—we'll let it go, and if it succeeds as thoroughly as I think it will Ralph shall have Beryl. The young scoundrel! He's quite right. It isn't keeping the Commandments, but it's good working journalism."

"If I had merely telegraphed that Ostrogolsk was dead," Oliver had written to his chief, "it would have been one small beat for the *Telephone*, and done us no particular good. Nobody knows that he has been in Orsova, and he was buried yesterday under the name of Vlasto. Why should he not live in the mountains for some weeks, and when the time comes we can 'kill him.' I will take all the responsibility upon myself. It is Beryl—or starvation."

Hungerford laughed again, and locked the letter in his desk. The *Telephone* had always been remarkable for its big sensations rather than for a servile accuracy, and in this case there seemed no chance of being found out, and Basil Hungerford's newspaper policy had always been to observe the Eleventh Commandment with more care than all the others. "Yes, we'll let it go," he said again.

Day after day during the next week sensational stories came in across the wire from Orsova, and all New York was ringing with the name of Ralph Oliver, "the man who found Ostrogolsk.'

The circulation of the *Telephone* went up by leaps and bounds, for the public devoured the "news" from the Carpathians and seemed as though it would never tire of reading of the strange freaks of its favourite turned Orson.

The story was a picturesque one. Dressed in skins, feeding on roots and berries and the flesh of such beasts as he could kill himself, Ostrogolsk was resting in his eccentric fashion from the wear and tear of a long season. Oliver—it appeared by his account in the columns of the *Telephone*—had been allowed to join him, dressed in skins as the musician did, and hunted in his company.

Detail followed detail, and as the circulation of the *Telephone* went up, that of the *Post* (a rival paper run upon the same lines) dwindled.

In the editorial office of the *Post*, about ten days after the first "news" of Ostrogolsk had come in from Orsova, three men sat pondering over a telegram.

"Can find no trace Orsova either man," it ran.

The *Post* had sent one of their star reporters, who was in London at the time, out to the Carpathians to look for either Ostrogolsk or Oliver, and this was his reply. Oliver had taken care that he should find out nothing, and although the *Post* people felt pretty certain that there was something shady in the "wild huntsman" story, they couldn't prove it.

"There is only one thing to be done," said Saunderson, the editor, at last. "We'll risk a fake ourselves." And next morning the following notice appeared in leaded type upon the *Post's* front page:

"Our well-known and distinguished correspondent, Capt. Frank Rawlins, the explorer, has found Ostrogolsk and young Mr. Oliver, the correspondent of our enterprising contemporary, the *Daily Telephone*. Details of the meeting will appear in to-morrow's number."

But details of the meeting did not appear in the next morning's *Post*, for in the evening edition of the *Telephone* was printed that same afternoon a telegram signed Oliver, and dated from Orsova the same morning. It bore the title, in enormous type:

DEATH OF OSTROGOLSK

THE MUSICIAN IS KILLED IN A STRUGGLE WITH A BEAR

MR. OLIVER WOUNDED, BUT ESCAPES

and who was to know in New York that the "telegram" had been lying in Basil Hungerford's desk ready for any such emergency ever since the first news from Orsova had reached the office of the *Telephone?*

Oliver was a ten days' hero when he came back with one arm in a sling, and his handsome sunburnt face scratched just a little. The fuss which New York made of him bored him considerably, and, as he told his *fiancée*, the lying that he had to do was a fearful strain upon his conscience and upon his memory.

"Still, Beryl, you were worth it," he concluded.

And Beryl thought so too. JOHN N. RAPHAEL

The Camera Does Justice

TO THE CLEVER AND CHARMING LEADING LADY AT THE GAIETY

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS MADGE SAUNDERS

Playing the lead in "To-Night's the Night" at the Gaiety. Miss Saunders is a young actress from Australia, whose talent and charm has won the hearts of her audiences—largely khaki-clad

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

War Plays Barred

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

A NOTICEABLE feature of the present condition of the theatrical world is the unpopularity of the war play—that is, the play dealing in a more or less realistic fashion with the dismal state of affairs "out there." Many optimistic managers, at the outbreak of the war, imagined that they had only to produce a play dealing with the killing of Germans by Englishmen, and the public would flock to their doors. But there was no flock. Many things account for this; some of them ought to have occurred to the misguided optimists in question. To begin with, realism has never been popular in this country. People go to the theatre in order to experience a set of conditions that differ from those which round their little lives. In normal times a play of dainty romance usually holds the field easily, because into the plain, prosaic world of most of us romance enters so seldom. The popularity of melodrama is probably due to the fact that while its authors fondly imagine it to be a reflection of the life that we know, it is usually only a blazing caricature of the very ordinary facts. The villain who must and will marry the heroine, in spite of all opposition (including that of the heroine herself) rarely exists in real life. Doubtless many of the unappropriated blessings who take delight in melodrama of this kind devoutly wish he did. For the villain in real life who was indiscreet enough to swear to marry a certain lady in spite of every obstacle would run the risk of being overheard, and of being dragged by his intended victim to the altar, in spite of his piteous appeal for help.

The present unhappy time is war-time, and the British public, consistently enough, will have nothing to do with the realism of the moment in its entertainments. Indeed, we do not need to go to the theatre to hear of the war. We need only remain at the street corners and study the placards of the afternoon and evening papers as they appear with "news" of the daily victory which we have already read of in our morning paper, and shall, no doubt, read of again to-morrow. It would be an indifferently capable Fleet Street that could not make a victory good for two days' news at least. In spite of the foolish charge that the country does not realise that it is at war, the present conflict is a very real thing indeed to those of us who, unhappily, have near and dear ones on the brink of that vortex of hell. The war is with us always as the most terrible manifestation of realism ever known, and it is for that reason that we feel something like contempt for the imitation English hero on the stage who clubs an imitation German into a dangerous illness with an imitation service rifle. Of all the crop of war plays with which we began the season the only one that has made good is *The Man Who Stayed at Home*. But this piece has succeeded not because it is a war play, but because it is a good play.

"FED UP!"

It is an unhappy truism that war is always rough on the arts. The worship of the drama for itself alone had only a precarious place among us even in the piping times of peace. Under the horrid sceptre of Bellona, the stage no longer offers art a sanctuary. In short, the theatre of the moment is just what some have declared it ought always to be—a place of amusement. In such a market the high-brow dramatist with a bunch of dry goods with the high-art label can do no business. People want to be amused to-day with the least possible mental effort, and this probably accounts for the very marked success of the popular "Revue," as it is called. Most of these "Revues" are just a succession of music-hall turns, with the inevitable "girls" to help the good work along by holding the mirror up to nature as closely as the Lord Chamberlain will permit. There has never before, to my knowledge, been a time when the public were so freely offered what are known to the elect as "leg-shows."

The severe tension of the moment leaves room, apparently, for

(*Continued on page 284*)

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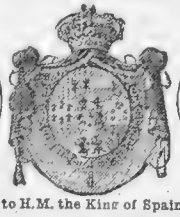

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Enough of War Plays!

The public taste in amusement is for the moment influenced by the fact that the great tragedy of war has overshadowed the minor tragedies of the stage. People are turning for relief to the opposite extreme of entertainment, and are probably all the better for it

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 280)

only the most primitive form of amusement; and the lady who is attired with a daring inadequacy and little else is easily the greatest common measure in the world of entertainment. There is a story told of a worthy Bishop, who, finding himself among the young men after the ladies had left the dinner-table, tried his best to lead the conversation in the direction first of popular theology, then philosophy, and then social reform. In spite of the rare attractions he was offering them, however, most of the young men were silent and obviously bored. At last, in a happy moment of inspiration, the good Bishop observed: "Let's discuss indelicate matters, and then all can join in." For the moment the public would seem to be proceeding along the line of least resistance in its search for amusement, and since it must always have romance and not realism it does not crave for crudely realistic pictures of Europe's agony. Besides, a very large portion of London audiences to-day are made up of men in khaki who have either just returned from the sulphureous battle-line or are awaiting orders to go. And these men have naturally no sympathy with a mere mummery of the great work that their hands have found to do. JINGLE

HOW WILL THE WAR END?

"Bystander" War Forecast Competition.

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Fill up the form at the foot of this page and post as directed. In return you will receive a copy of our

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On the map, you are asked to mark the positions which you anticipate will be occupied by the Allied Armies on the cessation of hostilities. Also you are asked to give your forecast of the date at which hostilities will cease.

To the sender of the forecast which is judged by the Editor, on the close of hostilities, to be the most skilful, will be awarded a

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In the event of two or more forecasts being judged of equal merit, the prize will be awarded to the sender of the first of these to reach this office. There is no objection to an individual reader sending additional forecasts in subsequent weeks.

The latest date for sending in will be September 30, but the Editor reserves the right to extend it to a later date if circumstances make this advisable and, in the unlikely event of the war closing before that date, to conclude it earlier.

Members of the Services at Home or Abroad are specially invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final.

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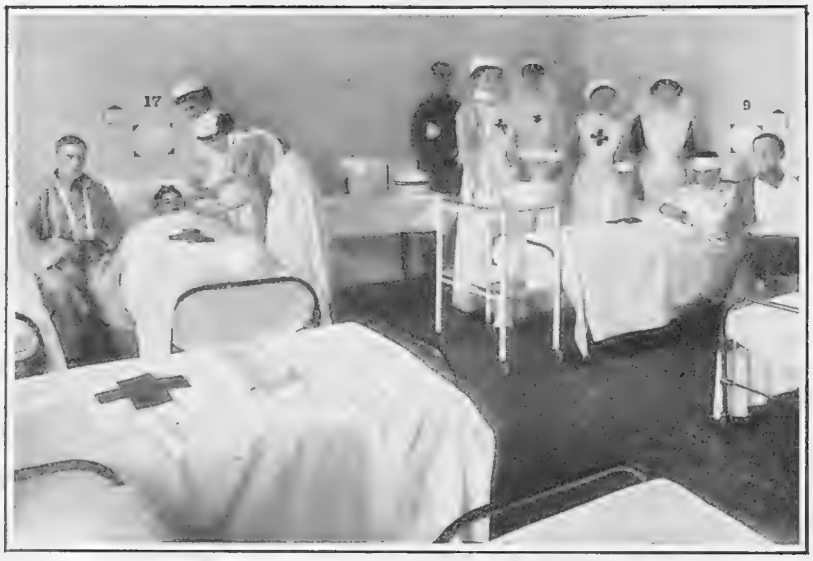

A CORNER OF ONE OF THE WARDS

THE Earl and Countess of Normanton, at the commencement of the war, offered, and the War Office accepted, a wing of their country house at Somerley, Ringwood, as an Auxiliary Hospital. The alterations necessary were completed in November, and the hospital now consists of well-appointed wards with 50 beds. The superintendent of the hospital is the Countess of Normanton, who is assisted in the work by her two elder daughters, the Ladies Georgina and Alexandra Agar, together with a trained staff of sisters and V.A.D. nurses. Dr. C. E. Blackstone, of Ringwood, is the medical officer attached to the hospital. The wounded receive every care and attention, and those that are able the Earl and Countess allow to fish in the private water adjoining the park, whilst the Earl is frequently seen taking a party on an excursion in his motor. Weekly concerts are arranged, and everything is being done to make "the lads" happy, and to forget their pain at Somerley. Many are the expressions of regret heard from the soldiers when their time arrives to leave their Somerley home

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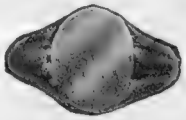
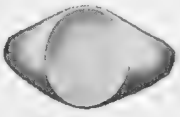


Solid 18-ct. Gold Signet Ring, £3 5 0



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The Royal Army Medical Corps.

ILLUSTRATIONS SHOW ACTUAL SIZE OF BROOCHES.

THE MILITARY LUMINOUS WATCH WRISTLET.

Price £2 15 0

Luminous Hands and Figures.
One-Piece Screw-in Silver-Case.

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Fine Quality Lever Movement
The Ideal Watch for Active Service.

The Yorkshire Regiment.

BADGE OF ANY REGIMENT TO ORDER £2 2 0 EACH.

The Royal Fusiliers.

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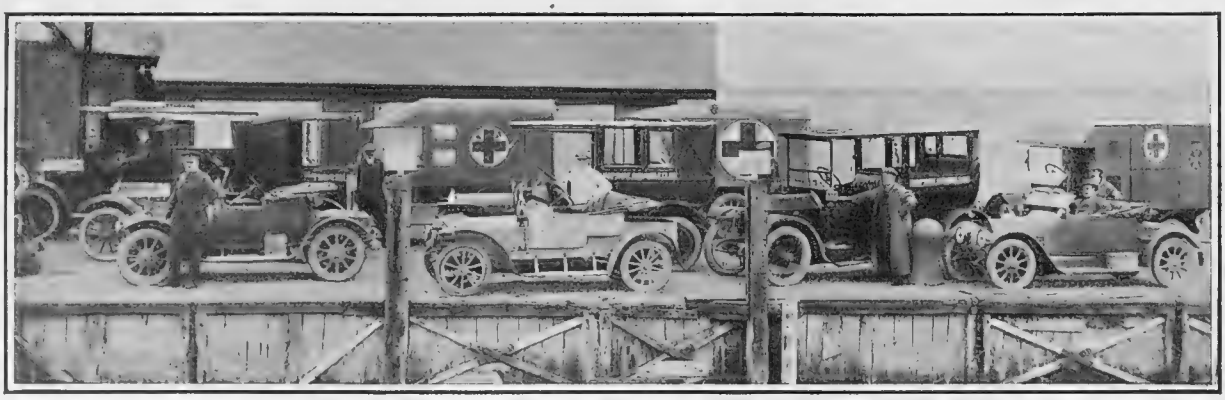


A VOLUNTEER SERVICE STATION

Being the Red Cross garage of the Hampshire Automobile Club at Hythe; being also a few of the permanent staff of volunteer drivers, cars and ambulances, which have been on service night and day since the beginning of the war, as was herein set out last week

Motoring: Luxury or Utility?

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

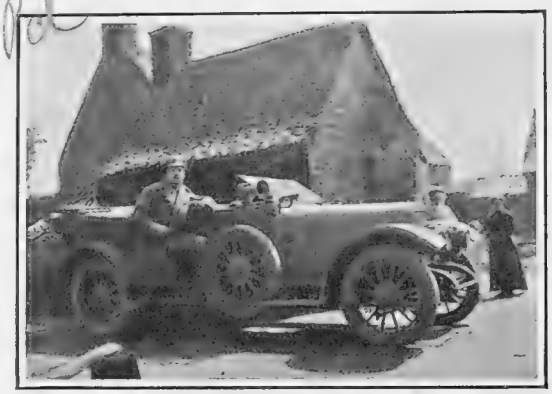
The Sad Case of the Motorist

THANKS be, that at least the *Daily Telegraph* is not in favour of indiscriminate economies. Since Mr. Morgan and Mr. Harold Cox erupted in a fusillade of condemnation directed against the use of the motor-car; and since sundry worthy scribes not wholly free, I fear, from the taint of the Pharisee, went urging along on a fierce crusade against the only cars we can buy just now, I have been concerned about the motorist and his prospects. Even more have I been concerned lest the motorist, under a sense of sin, stabled his car; disorganised the services dependent upon his car; shut out all hope of his car being available for the infinite requirements of voluntary public work; refused to buy cars and threw a large distributing industry out of work; and generally made a desolation and called it economy. In such a state of trepidation the words (or some of them) of the old *D.T.* are a soothing balm. "If we acted upon the advice tendered by some people, trade itself would entirely cease. It is not every economy that is real."

***

The Utility Car

O Soothsayer! Indeed it is not. Even from the point of individual interest it is not. Is it not in the copybooks of all minor class-rooms that a penny wise may be a pound foolish? Have we not, all of us, in our unbankchequered epochs, bought cheaply at the bargain counter and found sorrow in the aftermath, in that (to interpolate the fragrant phrases of my friend from Hotmush Pa) the goods have been punk and our name mud? How much more may the individual economy be bad from the point of national interest? A cheerful sort of economy it would be to eliminate such a factor in efficiency as a motor-car, because someone (who is probably using a motor-car himself, and justifying it on the ground that it is a necessity) prefers to regard most motor-cars (other than his own—or because he does not happen to possess one) as sinful waste. Cars, properly regarded, are as near to being necessities of life as most things other than the things we eat and drink and wear; and of these last four-fifths are less useful or necessary than the average car. Why not abolish trams and cabs and 'buses and make the people walk? Because, quotha, these things are necessary? Excellent! In precisely the same way and for precisely the same reason the car is necessary.



THE HEADQUARTERS THAT FAILED

It not being in the nature of such headquarters to resist "Jack Johnsons," "Coal-boxes," and the like, this farm-house edition went down just after the photograph was taken—somewhere in Flanders. The car is a 16 h.p. Sunbeam, of which the owner, on service with it, writes in high eulogy

***

The Luxury Car

Perhaps 10 per cent. of motor vehicles on the road to-day may come under the heading of luxuries. The rest are necessities; and quite a large number are bought for sheer economy's sake. Hunt down the 10 per cent. if you can. Impound these luxury cars at the end of it. It will at least keep you out of mischief for a long time, and will occupy you fittingly if that is all there is to occupy you. And at the end—what? You have diverted the luxury lover's money in another luxurious direction, and you have wasted time and energy in a useless and unnecessary occupation—which, from the national point of view, is economically worse than wasting *money*. Wealth, however wastefully it gets into circulation, can be used. Your wasted labour is not in circulation. It is gone for good. Therefore, remember the *D.T.* version of childhood's penny wise pound foolish maxim, and reflect that indeed "It is not every economy that is real."

***

An Aero Starter

If the house of Vandervell has in fact perfected an electrical starting device for aeroplanes, then the house of Vandervell has set a crown upon its very considerable electrical achievements. There is no doubt about the result so far. An 84lb. equipment (including starter, battery, gears, and fittings) had to turn over a 90 h.p. Beardmore-Daimler aero engine at 50 revs. for two minutes, from cold—and did it. There is no necessity to paint in the detail of the potentialities of this success, nor to emphasise an importance which will be obvious to the least technical man interested in development of our aerial arm—which means, or should mean, every man. Let us watch and pray—watch the evolution of the installation and pray it may "make good."

With the abundant flow power, the smoothness of its Eight-Cylinder Engine, the pliant springs, the deep soft upholstery, it is aptly said: "The Cadillac carries its own good road with it." F. S. BENNETT, Ltd., 219-229, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

C.A.V. Dynamo Lighting.—The Best on the Road. Simple, Safe, Certain. Complete set, specially designed for Light Cars, £18 10s. Full particulars post free.
C. A. VANDERVELL & Co.,
Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

TO FORD OWNERS.—The Claudel-Hobson special carburettor set for Fords, price £5 5s., increases power and reduces consumption. Once set never requires alteration.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 612.—Vol. XLVII. Wednesday, August 25, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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A BROCHURE illustrating the choicest RESIDENTIAL PROPERTIES for SALE and to LET, in all parts of the country, the chief suburbs and the West End. Free on application to, or post three stamps of, HAMPTON & SONS, 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

CHARMING GARDENS.

NEAR EDENBRIDGE STATION AND TOWN.

KENT AND SURREY BORDERS

(in a very lovely and favourite part).

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, this

ATTRACTIVE OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY HOUSE,

in mature grounds, commanding pretty views.

6 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, good domestic offices; Company's water; gas; main drainage; stabling and motor-house, gardener's cottage and groom's room.

CHARMING GROUNDS OF 4½ ACRES.

Tennis lawn, kitchen and fruit gardens, paddock, orchard, etc.—Full details of HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

PRICE VERY LOW.

HIGH GROUND. PERFECTLY RURAL.

Close to Puckeridge Kennels.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

FOR SALE (or might be LET), this attractive FREEHOLD HOUSE, with grounds of about 6 acres: very fine lounge hall with open beam roof, billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. HEATED BY RADIATORS.
WATER FROM ARTESIAN WELL.

Stabling for 4, garage; well laid-out gardens and grounds. Land Tax redeemed —Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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KENT (under a mile from station, within 40 minutes from Town).—This attractive and well-built RESIDENCE, containing: hall, 3 excellent reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, capital offices.

MAIN DRAINAGE, GAS AND WATER.

Stabling. First-rate Cottage. Useful outbuildings.
The grounds are quite a feature, heavily timbered and well laid out in lawns, rose garden, kitchen garden, rockeries, herbaceous borders, orchard, range of glass, etc.—Full particulars of Messrs. WATERER and DICKENS, Bromley, Kent, or HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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ONE OF THE CHEAPEST PROPERTIES
IN THE MARKET.

SUFFOLK.— To be LET, Unfurnished, this choice RESIDENCE,

SURROUNDED BY A PARK,

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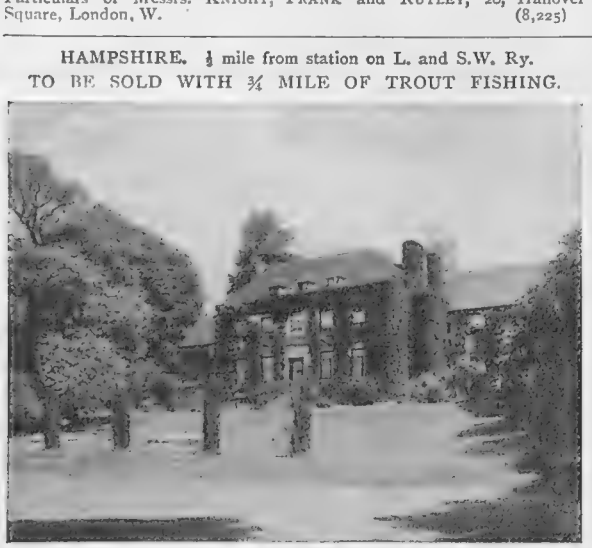
TO BE SOLD.

A BEAUTIFUL MODERN RESIDENCE, in first-rate order throughout, and occupying a fine position overlooking the links and the well-wooded country beyond. Accommodation: entrance and inner halls, central hall, fine suite of reception rooms, 15 bedrooms and 4 bathrooms; electric light, gas, Company's water, radiators, modern sanitation; large garage and cottage. The well-arranged undulating gardens include full sized croquet ground, tennis court, wide herbaceous borders, water and rose gardens, kitchen garden, etc., in all about 9½ acres.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., London, W. (6,516)

15 MILES NORTH OF LONDON. FOR SALE.

THIS PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE, standing on a hill on gravel soil, and containing: hall, dining room, drawing room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices; Company's gas and water laid on; telephone installed; wired for electric light, which will shortly be available; pretty grounds of 1 acre, including lawn, flower garden and kitchen garden. Two-thirds of purchase money can remain on mortgage.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (8,225)

HAMPSHIRE. ½ mile from station on L. and S.W. Ry.
TO BE SOLD WITH ¾ MILE OF TROUT FISHING.



THIS PICTURESQUE OLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, standing in finely timbered grounds. Accommodation: oak-panelled lounge hall, drawing room, dining room, boudoir, billiard room, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 3 baths, and ample domestic offices.

ACETYLENE GAS. UP-TO-DATE DRAINAGE.
STABLING FOR 10 HORSES. GARAGE FOR 3 CARS.

Charming old grounds, including 2 tennis courts, rose garden, ornamental pond, woodland walks, orchard, grass walks by water garden and enclosure of old pasture-land, in all about 36 acres. HUNTING. GOLF.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (5,678)

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TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE, OR FURNISHED for 3 months or more, a charming RESIDENCE, situated in a healthy district amidst lovely scenery. Accommodation: lounge hall, drawing room, boudoir, dining room, music room, billiard room, aviary, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, servants' hall, etc.; electric light, telephone, Company's water; heating by radiators; stabling and garage, coach-house, kennels; gardener's cottage; the grounds extend to about 20 acres and are well laid out; there are tennis and croquet lawns, pergola, lake with punt and fountains; kitchen garden and conservatory.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (F 2,999)

UNSPOILED MANOR HOUSE, WITH 6½ ACRES (G.W.R. main line junction 2½ miles, 1½ hours from Town).—Oak-panelled hall and reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; electric light, telephone, Company's water and main drainage; stabling and garage; shady pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, orchard, and paddock. FOR SALE, FREEHOLD. — Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,213)

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650ft. up. Excellent views. 4½ miles from Town and station.
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OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, built of grey stone, standing on a light soil, and approached by a short drive. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom; stabling for 4; 2 cottages; the grounds extend to 4½ acres, and include tennis lawn, flower garden, walled kitchen and fruit gardens, paddock, and orchard; shooting can be rented in the district; hunting.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,224)

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The renovation, restoration, enlargement, etc., to old-world Properties, together with the reproduction of same, are a few of the special features dealt with, and all enquiries respecting such matters should now be addressed as above.

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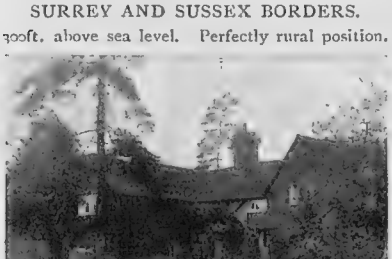
300ft. above sea level. Perfectly rural position.



TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.
A FINE OLD 14th CENTURY HOUSE WITH BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AND GROUNDS OF 22 ACRES.
10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms; complete offices with servants' hall; garage; farmery. *Electric light; telephone; central heating; modern drainage; company's water.*—Sole agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W. Inspected and highly recommended.

IN A BEAUTIFUL PART OF HANTS.

£100 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.—400ft. up, with fine views. 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms; stabling, cottage;
3 ACRES OF LOVELY GARDENS.
Two miles from Blackmore Golf Links. Nearest station, Liss, 4 miles.—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

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A PERFECT RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY
of about 105 acres, including a beautifully appointed and fitted old-fashioned HOUSE, with lovely gardens.

FREEHOLD TO BE SOLD.—The house stands high amidst beautiful country. It contains: 11 bed and dressing-rooms, bathroom, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, and excellent offices: electric light; good water and new drainage; splendid stabling, garage, lodge, 3 cottages, and fine farm buildings.
THE GARDENS ARE DELIGHTFUL,
splendidly timbered, and well maintained. There are extensive lawns and lovely flower gardens, walled kitchen and fruit gardens, glasshouses, etc. Surrounding are the well-timbered park-lands, and the capital pleasure farm. In all, the estate is one of the most charming properties that has entered the market for a considerable time.—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

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CHOICE ELIZABETHAN FARMHOUSE, capable, at little expense, of being made a really charming Home.
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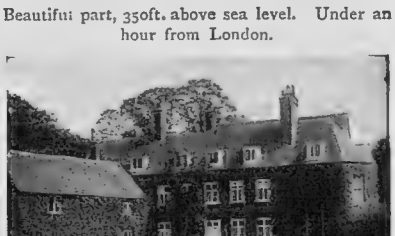
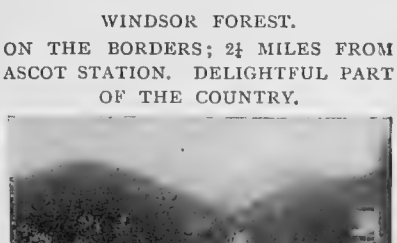
Beautiful part, 350ft. above sea level. Under an hour from London.



£180 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED, small premium, CHARMING OLD QUEEN ANNE HOUSE, with lovely old grounds of about 15 acres: 12 or more bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, complete offices; petrol gas; stabling, garage, men's rooms; 1¼ miles from golf links.—Agents, Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W. Inspected and strongly recommended.

WINDSOR FOREST.
ON THE BORDERS; 2¼ MILES FROM ASCOT STATION. DELIGHTFUL PART OF THE COUNTRY.



TO LET. UNFURNISHED.
Charming old House, once a Hunting Lodge of George IV., with beautiful grounds of 19 acres. 10 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms; electric light; telephone; stabling for 8; 2 garages, lodge, 2 cottages.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

SPECIAL LONDON HOUSES AND FLATS.

PRACTICALLY ADJOINING THE PARK. MAYFAIR.
A BEAUTIFULLY-APPOINTED AND WONDERFULLY WELL-PLANNED HOUSE, in a quiet and much coveted position, to be LET,
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The House is splendidly fitted-up throughout with every up-to-date contrivance for convenience and comfort, including passenger lift, service lift, fine principal staircase, and a secondary staircase, panelled walls, hot-water radiators, etc.
10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 very charming reception rooms, large lounge hall and cloakroom, exceptionally good offices.
A new Lease will be granted to a tenant at the above-named rental, or, as an alternative, the Direct Lease of 70 years, held at a ground rent of £120 per ann., will be Sold at £8,500.
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TO BE LET FOR THREE, SIX OR TWELVE MONTHS.

BERKELEY SQUARE.—A beautiful old GEORGIAN HOUSE, in splendid order throughout, and thoroughly up to date: 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 fine reception rooms. To be LET for practically any period.
15 Guineas a week.

GREEN STREET, PARK LANE.—Delightful little HOUSE, close to Park: 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms.
8 Guineas a week.

EATON PLACE.—Modernised and well-decorated HOUSE, containing: 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. Beautifully furnished.
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13 Guineas a week.

MANCHESTER SQUARE, W.—Charming newly-decorated HOUSE, containing: 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, capital offices.
15 Guineas a week.
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ALMOST ADJOINING GROSVENOR SQUARE AND WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF THE PARK.
No premium.
CHARMING MAYFAIR FLAT, possessing many unique advantages, to be LET, unfurnished,
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It is situate on the first floor of a well-planned building
IN A FAVOURITE POSITION FACING SOUTH,
and contains the following well-arranged accommodation. 3 capital best bedrooms, 2 large bedrooms for servants, delightful dining and drawing rooms, kitchen, servants' hall, pantry, scullery, etc.
Strongly recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

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An excellent FREEHOLD Residential Property, comprising well-built RESIDENCE, replete with every convenience: 6 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, complete domestic offices; excellent stabling for 4 horses; pretty well-timbered grounds, tastefully laid out, full-size tennis lawn, kitchen garden, the whole comprising about

2 ACRES.

(Would be sold with less land).

HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above by AUCTION at an early date in conjunction with Mr. PERCY M. LEVER, Auctioneer and Estate Agent, 74, King Street, Maidenhead.

ONLY 8 MILES NORTH OF TOWN.

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS.—"NORMAN SHAW" HOUSE, approached from quiet road by carriage sweep, containing: hall, 4 reception, 9 bed and dressing, and 3 bathrooms; stabling, 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, etc.

LOVELY OLD GARDENS,

delightfully timbered and perfectly secluded, with tennis, bowling, and other lawns, rose garden, lily pond, excellent kitchen garden, standard and wall fruit, etc., the area being about

2 ACRES.

Main E.L., gas, water, drainage; S. aspect; near station. For SALE, or might be LET, Furnished.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (X 5,199)

By Order of the Executors of FREDK. HICKS, Esq., deceased.

BY PRIVATE TREATY, OR SALE BY AUCTION ON SEPTEMBER 23RD.

BRACKLEY LODGE, WEYBRIDGE (1½ miles from Walton and Weybridge Stations, on the high ground, gravel soil).—This FREEHOLD RESIDENCE has 10 bedrooms, bathroom etc., and is virtually on two floors. It stands in 4½ acres of lovely grounds, said to be the best in the district, and the whole in perfect order. Stabling, garage, lodge, and glasshouses; main drainage; electric light and Company's water. An absolute sale is intended, and the price anticipated is less than the value. Possession on completion. No expenditure will be found necessary, as the late owner lavished money upon the property.—Photographs and further particulars from Messrs. FINNIS, DOWNEY, LINNELL and CHESSHER, Solicitors, 5, Clifford St., W.; Messrs. ALEX. H. TURNER and Co., Estate Agents, 69, South Audley St., W., and at Weybridge; and the Auctioneers, Messrs. MAY and ROWDEN, 27, Maddox St., Regent St., London, W.

SOUTHWICK (near Brighton and the sea, close to the Downs).—A delightfully situated old COUNTRY COTTAGE, known as "King Charles's Cottage," containing: 6 rooms and offices, together with meadow, extensive stabling, with 13 loose boxes, large barn, paddock, and orchard, to be LET. Rent £70 per annum.—Particulars of CHRISTIAN and COWELL, Duke Street, Brighton, or The Green, Southwick.

MAIDSTONE DISTRICT.
¾ Mile from a Station.
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE.

A PRETTY BRICK AND TILED RESIDENCE, standing 280ft. above sea-level with South-West aspect. Accommodation: 3 large reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom and lavatories; Company's water; stabling and coach-house; nicely laid out grounds of 1½ acres. Cottage and meadow of 3 acres can also be rented if desired. RENT, £80 PER ANNUM.—Box K 8,227, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

WITHIN 1½ MILES OF A STATION, MAIN L. & S. W RAILWAY. 1 HOUR FROM TOWN.

£1,200 IS REQUIRED FOR A FREEHOLD PROPERTY of about 5 acres with a well-built RESIDENCE, situated 250ft. above sea level, on sandy soil amidst the pine and heather. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, kitchen, etc.; stabling and farmery; Company's water; the grounds are singularly attractive and planted with specimen trees; tennis and croquet lawns, shrubbery, kitchen garden and paddocks.—Box K 8,110, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

DOWER HOUSE. LOW RENTAL.

BERKS.—Well-fitted HOUSE, approached by long drive, containing: 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, capital offices. Stabling, with coachhouse or garage; excellent cottage garden, with tennis lawn, walled kitchen garden, 2 paddocks, the total area being about

11 ACRES.

Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (X 19,306)

ON LIMPSFIELD COMMON.—Erected by well-known architect for owner's occupation, the HOUSE is well fitted, much of the woodwork being oak. Abutting on the Common, it contains: 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, and good offices; garden of about ¾ acre, delightfully laid out; main water and gas; S.E. aspect; sandy soil.

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.

For SALE.—Details from Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (X 19,393)

ABSOLUTE QUIET. INVIGORATING AIR. MAGNIFICENT GOLF.

WALTON HEATH (high up, with lovely views right across the Heath).—The HOUSE contains: good hall, 2 sitting, 4 bed and 2 bathrooms; stabling for 2, coachhouse, garage; very pretty gardens, tennis and other lawns, kitchen garden; with the paddock the area is nearly

8 ACRES.

—Full details from Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (X 19,346)

SPORTING PROPERTY, WITH MODERN HOUSE.

COUNTY WATERFORD (between Dungarvan and Lismore, amidst delightful scenery).—To be LET, Furnished, exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE of Italian design, containing 10 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception, bathroom, stabling for 3, motor-house. BEAUTIFUL OLD-FASHIONED WALLED GARDEN, grounds laid out in terraces, sloping towards lake, tennis lawn, croquet ground, 250 acres young woods, forming good cock cover; snipe and duck shooting; good brown trout fishing in lake and rivers; hunting. MODERATE RENTAL TO APPROVED TENANTS.—Personally inspected and confidently recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 12,286)

HERTS (in a high and healthy position, under 1 mile from station).—To be SOLD, at a very moderate figure, a well-built and attractive PROPERTY, standing in

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS OF 21 ACRES.

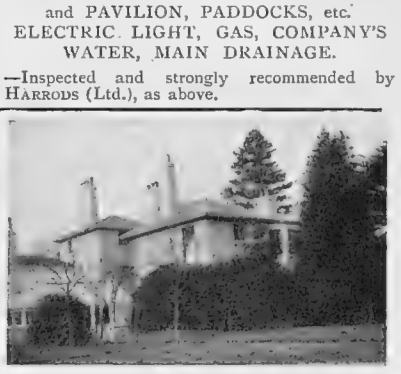
Suite of reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; stabling; motor garage; cottage and small farmery.

TENNIS AND OTHER LAWNS, PRETTY FLOWER GARDEN, WELL-STOCKED KITCHEN GARDEN, CRICKET FIELD and PAVILION, PADDOCKS, etc.
ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS, COMPANY'S WATER, MAIN DRAINAGE.

—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SUSSEX HILLS (350ft. above sea level; station 2½ miles; 75 minutes from Cannon Street; commanding very extensive and lovely views).

A BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED and very complete Freehold COUNTRY HOUSE in about 23 acres; electric lighting; hot-water radiators, Company's water; telephone; 2 floors only; 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc., 5 reception rooms, billiard room, conservatory, complete domestic offices. Excellently fitted stabling, garage for 2 cars (heated); 2 cottages; shady gardens with full-sized tennis court and croquet lawn, walled-in kitchen garden, glasshouses, and many beautiful features; several enclosures of productive meadow. To be SOLD.—Agents, BRACKETT and SONS, Estate Agents, Tunbridge Wells.



TO BE SACRIFICED OWING TO THE WAR.

"LANGHAM LODGE," ALTON, HANTS.

Near Anglican and R.C. churches. Gravel soil. Co.'s water and gas. Newly decorated, and in perfect order.

A CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED BIJOU RESIDENCE (as illustrated), with delightful shady garden and paddock of 2 acres, with lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 good bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); well-arranged domestic offices, with servants' hall; stabling and good garage; 2 cottages.—For further particulars, apply EDWIN FEAR and WALKER, Sole Agents, Winchester, who will submit it to auction shortly (unless previously disposed of by private treaty).

AN IDEAL COUNTRY RESIDENCE FOR A CITY MAN.
SECLUDED SITUATION, FACING A GORSE-COVERED COMMON.

City—Home:

Tube	.. ..	5 minutes
Express (L.S.W.R.)		35 ,,
Motor	.. ..	6 ,,
		46 minutes

South aspect; sandy soil; 10 acres; 9 good bedrooms, 2 bathrooms (on one floor only), oak-panelled hall, 4 other sitting rooms; stabling for 3 and large garage with rooms over.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN PRICE.—The above really delightful PROPERTY, standing in its own well-timbered grounds and charming gardens, with tennis and croquet lawns and orchard, and surrounded by lovely open country. Electric light everywhere, radiators, telephone, Company's water, excellent system of drainage; the domestic offices are well equipped, and the whole House is economical to run. No money need be spent by a purchaser on taking possession, as House is in such perfect condition. Good golf near.

Inspected and thoroughly recommended by Messrs. WHATLEY, WING and Co., 2, Arlington Street, St. James's, London, S.W. (Folio 4,393)

Garden frolics

WHEN the weather's fine there's no place like the garden for the wee folks. There they can romp and play—care-free and happy—rejoicing in the fresh air and exercise. . .

PHAT PHEET

A fine garden shoe is No. 744. There's just that adaptability about it that stamps it different from ordinary shoes. Strong enough to resist gravel paths, yet not out of place indoors, and it gives ample room for growing feet to develop—naturally. In brown calf and black box.

No. 744

Sizes and prices (including postage):

4-5	5½-7	7½-10	10½-12	12½-1	1½-2	2½-3
7/2	7/9	8/6	9/-	9/9	10/9	11/9

Sample Shoe loaned for Inspection on receipt of 4d. for postage, etc.

For the "Phat Pheet" booklet write to

Daniel Neal

& SONS LIMITED

Dept. 18—126, Kensington High Street, W.

Fitting rooms also at 68-70, Edgware Road, W., and 123, High Street, Putney, S.W.

The Most Charming Place in London.

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA ROOMS

36, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

Charges Moderate. . . . Service Admirable.
Music Daily. Open on Sundays for Teas Only.

LUNCHEONS. TEAS. DINNERS.

Here you can obtain the world-famous

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA—

Pure, 2/6, 3/6. Blend, 2/3, 3/-, 4/- per lb.

Carriage paid in the U.K.

Formosa Oolong Teas (Pure and Blended) can be obtained at Ridgways, Ltd.; London; R. Twining and Co., Ltd., London; and Andrew Melrose and Co., Edinburgh, and their branches and agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco

Man was formed for society, even when alone he seeks the companionship of a pipe—and "Three Nuns" Tobacco.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

PER 6½d. OZ.

No. 427

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES

MEDIUM 3d. for 10.

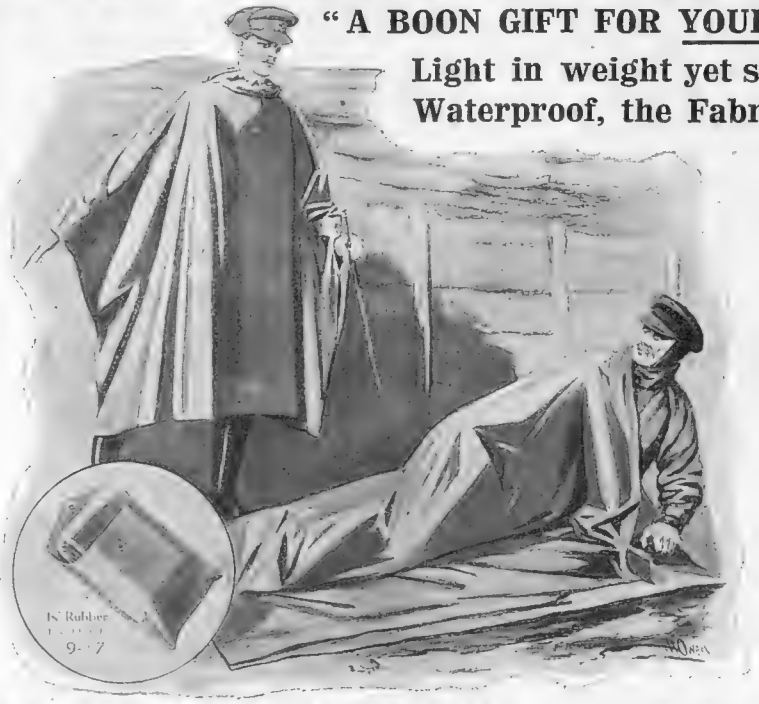
THE UNTEARABLE

COMBINATION

PONCHO & GROUND-SHEET

"A BOON GIFT FOR YOUR SOLDIER FRIEND"

Light in weight yet strong and thoroughly Waterproof, the Fabric will not tear, but is durable and yields long service.



With simple adjustable neck excluding all wet, and arms protected by fasteners, it can be worn as a Rain-proof cape for standing or walking, and as a Water-proof Ground-Sheet when sleeping or resting. When not in use it folds up into a small water-proof envelope 9½ x 7in., weighing a little over a lb.

Price 31/6

TURNBULL & ASSER, *SPORTING HOSIERS,* **71-72, Jermyn St., London, S.W.**

POPE & BRADLEY

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

By Royal Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

OFFICERS' KIT.

A PERSONAL NOTE BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is regrettable to observe an increasing number of new officers wearing uniforms of indifferent material and tailoring. Their quality is not creditable to the traditions of the British Army, and this lowering of the standard is being adversely commented upon by senior officers of the Services.

There is unfortunately NO regulation quality for officers' khaki, and in consequence inferior uniforms and equipments are now offered in all parts of London at absurdly low prices, by firms who have never previously produced military garments.

This pandering to the craze for cheapness is disastrous in effect and represents a false economy, for second grade material and workmanship, apart from the question of style, will never stand the excessive strain of active service.

The Government allowance of £50 for Kit is not only adequate, but generous, and is granted to enable the newly gazetted officer to procure his uniform from recognised West-End military tailors.

The House of Pope and Bradley supplies only the finest khaki procurable, and their purchases amount to tens of thousands of pounds per annum. Seventy per cent. of their trade is military, and their reputation ensures the correct military style. The prices quoted represent the minimum at which uniforms of this quality can be obtained.

Service Jackets	from £3 13 6
Slacks	,, 1 5 0
Bedford Cord Breeches (Buckskin strapped)	2 12 6
British Warm	3 15 0

Buttons and Badges extra.

All Accessories in Camp and Service Equipment supplied at Store Prices.

Full Kit List on application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
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By Royal Appointment.

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ENGLISH MADE PARQUET FLOORS (HOWARD'S PATENT).

BRITISH MANUFACTURED FABRICS.

WALL PAPERS. DECORATIONS.

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Manufacturers,

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THE MINISTER OF ECONOMY

"What the nation talks of at large the woman does in little."

The Tyres which—

Convert every ounce of engine power into speed, transform treacherous surfaces into safe ones, repay every shilling of cost in miles of service

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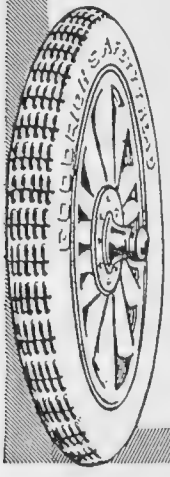

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Safety Tread

TYRES

BEST IN THE LONG RUN!

Manufactured by THE B. F. GOODRICH CO., Ld., 117-123, GOLDEN LANE, E.C.

ARROL-JOHNSTON LIMITED ON GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS ON DUTY

EVERY new American car you now see has cost YOU something.

¶ Several pounds extra are paid out of British taxes (over and above the actual amount paid by the purchaser), when such a car is bought in war-time.

ASHORE OR AFLOAT THERE IS NO TOBACCO TO COMPARE WITH

Smith's Glasgow Mixture

Sold in 3 Strengths: MILD, MEDIUM & FULL 5D. per oz. 10D. per 2 oz. 1/8D. per ¼ lb.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded free on Application

F. & J. SMITH, branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Gt. Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

Manufacturers of "Orchestra" High-Class Virginian Cigarettes

BARRI MATERNITY GOWNS

Royal Letters Patent

Unobtainable Elsewhere.

Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Many designs for day or evening wear.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

Dainty Evening Gown of Dull Black Satin and Fine Lace, with Coat Effect at Back.

DAINTY LAYETTE

BARRI

72, Baker Street, London, W.

CORSETS BELTS

The Lady Gardener

will find that her hands remain Soft, White, and Smooth, if she makes a habit of always using

BEETHAM'S

La-rola

A little massaged into the Hands and Arms *after washing* entirely prevents Roughness and Redness, and keeps the Skin in its natural Velvety condition.

In bottles from all Chemists and Stores.

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

SAVE COAL

and serve the Country

This important advice has just been officially published by the authorities, and concerns every one of us, but it is equally important to know how to obtain the same amount of heat from the reduced coal consumption. COAL-SAVING is one of the greatest advantages of the famous HUE ADAPTABLE FIRE; we have emphasised it for many years and thousands of our customers have endorsed our claim. The HUE has been *proved* to give the same heat from a 33⅓% reduction in coal or other fuel, is clean, absolutely safe, is used in thousands of private houses, and by the leading Railway Companies, Hotels, and Institutions. The illustration shows its simplicity of construction; it is easily fixed, and there is no need to dismantle the existing grate or mantelpiece. The HUE FIRE is *not* a luxury—it is as much a necessity as the fireplace itself. But do not be misled by so-called "adaptable" fires, which are nothing more than makeshifts. The word "HUE" is cast on every genuine stove. Price **15/-**, and obtainable from your local decorator, or we will send you name of tradesman in your locality who has had practical experience of its merits.

POST FREE.

Beautifully Illustrated Booklet giving photographs and details of the various designs and sizes.

YOUNG & MARTEN, LTD.

(*Dept. B*), **Stratford, London, E.**

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Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

The "Daily Graphic"

GIVES A £1,000 INSURANCE TO ALL ITS READERS

THE COUPON NEED NOT BE SIGNED.

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ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED

Claims Paid £12,500,000

Assets £3,000,000

Accidents
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Employer's Insurance
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HEAD OFFICE

MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.

Fashions & Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

THE fur season is opening under the most conflicting auspices. On the one hand *modes* were never more alluring and covetable, while on the other the wherewithal for their acquisition is inevitably lacking in many instances. Still, nothing daunted, the leading furriers are busily concerned in evolving and executing coats and large and important stole and muff sets, well calculated to tempt the most rigid economist.

The change in silhouette that has come about in gowns has, naturally, made itself seriously felt where fur garments are concerned, the new coats presenting a full, free, and generous flow at the hem that is very disturbing to the possessors of a last season's straight, nipped-in model. Yet a certain amount of comfort is afforded by the assurance that trimmings of a contrasting fur are among the most pronounced ruling orders of the day. A deep flounce of skunk, or smoked fox, for example, accompanied by a gigantic collar and muff cuffs, goes a very long way towards bringing a last season's seal musquash or pony skin coat up to date; while another interesting point in regard to renovations and remodelling is that short and three-quarter lengths are pushing steadily to the front, and suggest endless possibilities for transforming the full length of last year into a *chic* little coatee planned in due accordance with existing decrees.

The Narrow Shoulder and Brobdingnagian Collar

The flaring skirt, whether long, short, or of three-quarter length, has its exuberance yet further accentuated by a particularly slim, narrow shoulder appearance, the sleeves either set in "Raglan" wise or else modelled in one with the body part, an important collar of some sort invariably concluding the scheme. Almost always the collar is of adjustable order, its excessive size, when rolled up, enveloping the head in the cosiest fashion. A self or contrasting fur can be used with equal success, the one and only imperative factor being the gigantic proportions.

While there is no diminution at all in the universal favour accorded seal and coney musquash, natural musquash is putting in very serious claims for rivalry. But there is scarcely any pelt so travested as this, the title being applied alike to a hard yellowish, most unattractive presentment, and the most seductively soft beautifully rich brown colouring. The one and only relationship that can be claimed by the various qualities is a splendid hardiness that serves to render natural musquash one of the best wearing pelts in existence.

A DAINTY TEAGOWN
Designed by Margot, and described on this page

A Fantasy of Rambler Pink and Silver

An alluring colour scheme characterises the dainty teagown that forms the subject of our illustration this week. Over a long clinging underdress of delicate rambler pink *crêpe de Chine* there comes a long coatee of *mousseline de soie* in a slightly deeper tone, tiny silver roses and silver tassels finding most effective expression, the silver note again repeated in embroideries on the sash of richer pink ribbon.

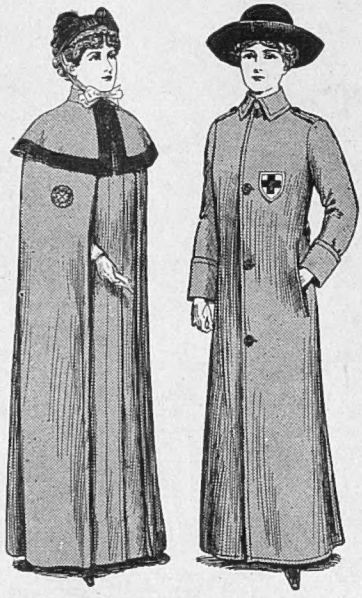
The almost imperceptible pink of the wild dog-rose, veiled in dove-grey *ninon*, created another equally attractive teagown, the opalescent tint achieved being further enhanced by opal sequin and bead embroidery, while yet again irresistible charm resulted in an alliance of pistache-green and sweet pea mauve chiffon, over which was worn a long loose coat of cream lace, that floated away from the front, a necklace of jade beads effecting the sole fastening.

(Continued on page x)

FASHION'S FANCIES (*concluded from page* ix)

Of Special Interest to Hospital Nurses

Although naturally designed on restricted lines, bounded by common sense and practicability, a nurse's uniform has now become such a recognised garb it necessarily exacts much more than the usual amount of interested attention. Not only professional nurses, but the vast army of V.A.D. and other Red Cross officials, have created a demand for orthodox dressing that exacts a special and particular supply which is being met in the most knowledgeable way by Messrs. Garrould, 150-162, Edgware Road. These people are no novices where uniforms of this description are concerned. For years they have made a great speciality of the subject, and it is a perfectly safe surmise that whatever is wanted, from the simplest cotton dress to regulation cloaks and coats, it is forthcoming, under the best and most satisfactory conditions. Only really reliable materials are used, and first-class workmanship employed throughout, while the choice in styles includes every possible recognised requirement. As for such addenda as caps, aprons, bonnets, collars, and cuffs no nurse need fear but that her most fastidious desires will be met, and at a price, moreover, well calculated to meet the most modest purse. A largely illustrated catalogue containing full particulars can be had for the asking.



UNIFORM CLOAK OF THE ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BRIGADE, AND OFFICIAL CLOAK OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY

Then, again, Garroulds' is such a convenient rendezvous for meeting friends or arranging professional matters, the Hospital Nurses' Saloon being open to all in the nursing profession. Here, too, letters can be written and received and a comfortable rest enjoyed, a tea-room on the ground floor supplying light refreshments at a moderate cost.

Garroulds', however, by no means stop short at providing orthodox nurses' attire, this old-established firm also making a special feature of supplying every conceivable hospital equipment, from bandages to the latest invention in surgical instruments. A most excellent portable canvas bedstead at 11*s*. 6*d*. has proved invaluable during the war; it is so compact and light, and yet so strong and comfortable, measuring 6ft. long and 2ft. 3in. wide. All the hospital bedding at Garroulds' is specially sterilised, and, therefore, absolutely hygienic.

Garrould's

To H.M. WAR OFFICE, H.M. COLONIAL OFFICE, INDIA OFFICE, ST. JOHN AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION, BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY, LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, GUY'S HOSPITAL, &c.

HOSPITAL NURSES' SALOON.
Complete Equipment of Nurses for Home Detachments and the
SEAT OF WAR.
All Surgical Implements and Appliances in Stock.
Illustrated Catalogues of Nurses' Uniforms, &c., Post Free.

THE OFFICIAL CLOAK OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY
(unlined) **29/6.**
Also in fine Cravenette, guaranteed fast dye, especially suitable for Summer Wear, **31/6**
All sizes in stock.

Apron, in stout linen-finished Cloth ... ... **2/6** each.
Overall in blue-grey Cotton Cloth ... ... **7/6** ,,
"Sister Dora" Cap 6½d. & **10½**d. ,,
Sleeves .. .. **8½**d. pair.
Black Patent Leather Belt, to wear with Overall, 1½in.... **1/3½** each.
Collar (as illustration) **6½**d. ,,

INVALID CARRIAGES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
MERLIN CHAIR
(as illustration).
Medium **£4 3 0**
Large **£4 14 6**

E. & R. GARROULD, Telegrams: "Garrould, London."
150 to 162, EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON, W.

IF YOU WANT

a delicious light lunch, take a cup of Ivelcon, and St. Ivel Lactic Cheese. Best and cheapest lunch.

No Advance in Price
Ask for it at Hotel, Restaurant or Club.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & After Dinner.
In making use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

Flat-chested for 15 Years She Developed Her Bust Six inches in Thirty Days.

ANY LADY CAN NOW DO THE SAME BY FOLLOWING THE SIMPLE DIRECTIONS GIVEN BELOW.

Why Exercises, Massage, Creams, Prescriptions, Apparatus, Appliances, and similar methods can never develop the bust.

ANY woman readers who are lacking in bust development will be interested to learn of a recent remarkable discovery whereby the bust can quickly be developed to any desired size and firmness without recourse to massage, exercises, prescriptions, appliances, apparatus, creams, worthless medicines, or any other means hitherto known. The lady who made this wonderful discovery, which seems destined to prove a veritable blessing to ill-developed womenkind, recently sent a complete description of the method to several distinguished medical authorities for the purpose of obtaining scientific and disinterested opinions of its efficacy. Their reports, given below, are extremely interesting, for they prove beyond question or doubt that however fallen, shrunken, flabby, and undeveloped the breasts may be, and regardless of what may have caused their condition, a means has been discovered at last whereby any woman may now enlarge her bust to any desired size and firmness.

BEFORE AFTER

The most careful investigation in the interests of readers of this paper fully establishes the fact that all the unqualified praise accorded this remarkable method is more than justified, notwithstanding that it upsets all previous theories in regard to development of the bust. Undoubtedly other treatments, nostrums, apparatus, etc., have failed because they overlook the basic fact that the mammary glands of the bust are the only organs of the body which lie idle and out of use the greater part of one's lifetime, hence they can never be developed by treating them as thou h they were simple muscles or organs in constant use with regular functions to perform.

Among the numerous professional reports examined, one from no less an authority than Dr. Colonnay, of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, reads as follows:—"No matter whether a woman be young or old, nor what her condition of health may be, I firmly believe that in this treatment she has an infallible method for developing and beautifying her bust." Another report from the famous physician, Dr. Domenico Scuncio, of Prata Sannita, Italy, reads: "I beg to confirm my previous letters concerning the treatment, and I have pleasure in informing you that my patient has used this treatment and is very satisfied with the marvellous results that she has obtained. I can therefore conscientiously state that this treatment is excellent, and that it can in no way be compared to others of its kind claiming to give the same results." Among numerous letters from private individuals who have actually used the method, one from Miss Helen Buckett, Cholmeley Rd., Reading, reads: "Since using the treatment my bust has developed in all about 4 ins. an improvement for which I am extremely thankful." Many other letters too numerous to quote here, report even greater increase in bust measurement, as well as a vast improvement in general health while using the method. Even when the neck, shoulders and chest were scraggy and showed outlines of the bones, they were quickly filled out and made exquisitely soft, smooth, and of fascinating rounded contour. In view of these positive documentary proofs, there can be no hesitancy in recommending the treatment to all readers who require anything of the kind.

A limited edition of books containing a full description of the method of bust development above referred to has just been printed, and while intended primarily as a treatise for physicians' use, arrangements have been made so that, while the supply lasts, one will also be sent in plain wrapping and free of charge to any readers of THE BYSTANDER sufficiently interested to forward the following coupon to address given below, also including two penny stamps for posting expenses. Only one book can be sent to each applicant in exchange for the coupon. It may be added that the book is written in simple and non-technical language and any lady can easily use the treatment in the privacy of her own room unknown to her most intimate friends. There are no prescriptions of any kind to have filled, and writing Miss Merlain places you under no obligation whatever. She, of course, has nothing to sell.

FREE BOOK COUPON

Good to "Bystander" Readers only.

Mlle. Margarette Merlain, Secretary
(Suite 246G.),
Pembroke House, Oxford St., London, W.

I send this coupon as evidence that I am entitled to receive entirely free of cost or obligation, a regular copy of the book giving full particulars in regard to method by which you developed your bust six inches in 30 days, per special arrangement for free distribution of 1,000 copies, as announced in THE BYSTANDER.

Name .....

Address .....

Note.—The supply of these books for free distribution is estimated to last two weeks, but if any coupon arrives after supply is exhausted, postage will be returned in full.

"BYSTANDER" Free Coupon No. 246G.

HELP SUFFERING POLAND

BY CONTRIBUTING TO THE

GREAT BRITAIN TO POLAND FUND

(THE SENIOR FUND FOR RELIEF OF DISTRESS IN POLAND.)

War, with its iron tramp, has crushed the fair land of Poland.

An area seven times the size of Belgium has been ravaged four times by the Germans. Millions are homeless and starving. Old men and women have lost the roofs over their heads, and when children stretch out their thin arms crying for bread, their mothers can only answer with tears.

The spectre of hunger has cast its withering hands over the vast land between the Niemen and the Carpathians. Workmen have lost their work, for all the workshops and factories are shut. The plough is rusting for want of use, for the labourer has been robbed of tools and seed. Epidemics have spread throughout the country, and the domestic hearth is extinguished.

HAS POLAND THE RIGHT TO YOUR HELP?

Yes; every nation has this right in the name of humanity. But Poland has the right also in the name of her historic past. During centuries Poland was the messenger of progress, the defender of the oppressed. Wherever great disasters struck the peoples, bringing hunger and need, Polish offerings flowed thither. Let the Polish towns and villages spring to life again from their ruins! Let Polish hearts know other feelings than pain, let the voice of Poland not only speak in a sigh! Let Polish mothers be able to give their children something more than tears!

The Great Britain to Poland Fund, which the Empress Marie-Feodorovna has affiliated with the Russian Red Cross, has a deputation working behind the Russian lines. It does not administer relief through a Committee with its headquarters in a neutral country, and no part of the money it has collected has passed through German or Austrian hands.

Twenty Shillings will keep 20 People from Starvation for a Week.

Committees have been established in all the principal cities of the United Kingdom.

PATRONS:
The ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY.
The EARL OF ROSEBERY.

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PRINCESS BARIATINSKY.
(Now in Russia distributing proceeds of the Fund.)

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Berkeley Hotel, Piccadilly, London.

Bankers: THE RUSSO-ASIATIC BANK, 64, Old Broad Street, E.C.

The Menu: Savouries for Every Day

Shrimps on Toast, (By Special Request)
Devilled Biscuits
Bengal Toasts
Tomato Timbale
Rice and Fish Toast
Cheese and Tomato Toast
Sole Savoury

Shrimps on Toast

Put two pennyworth of picked shrimps into a saucepan with one teaspoonful of white pepper, ½ oz. of butter, the juice of an orange, and a little nutmeg. Make this mixture very hot and pile upon small squares of buttered toast. Put in a hot oven for a few minutes, and serve garnished with fried parsley.

Devilled Biscuits

Wash and bone some anchovies or sardines, and pound them into a paste with butter and a good seasoning of cayenne. Fry some plain biscuits (Huntley and Palmer's Thin Captain) in a little butter with salt and cayenne, and while hot spread with the mixture. Sprinkle a few brown crumbs on the top. Reheat in the oven for a few minutes, and serve very hot.

Bengal Toasts

Fry some diamond-shaped pieces of bread, and keep hot. Take 2 oz. of grated ham and put it in a saucepan with one gill of cream, 1 oz. of chutney, and 1 oz. of grated cheese. Flavour with cayenne, and stir until creamy and quite hot. Spread thickly on the croûtons, and garnish with a little sieved yolk of egg.

Tomato Timbale

Boil ½ lb. of macaroni about twenty minutes, strain it, and cut into lengths which will fit a plain round mould; line the mould with it, arranging the top by bending the macaroni in a spiral form. Fill this mould with a mixture made of 1 lb. of tomatoes, 1 lb. of mushrooms, and ¼ lb. of grated cheese, all pounded together with 4 oz. of butter and the yolk of an egg, season with a little salt and cayenne. Put a paper round the mould, and serve with a thick brown gravy round.

Rice and Fish Toast

Fry an onion, finely sliced, in butter with a few shrimps or pieces of lobster; stir into it one dessertspoonful of mustard. When thoroughly hot add a teacupful of rice previously boiled and dried and a tablespoonful of grated Parmesan Cheese. Stir and serve very hot on rounds of buttered toast or fried croûtons.

Cheese and Tomato Toast

Take one large ripe tomato and rub through a sieve. Grate 2 oz. of cheese, add a little cream or yolk of egg, a pinch of salt, sugar, and pepper. Make it very hot, and serve on toast.

Sole Savoury

Chop finely the remains of a cooked sole or any other white fish, and mix it with 1 oz. of butter, a pinch of cayenne, and a tablespoonful of essence of anchovy. Let this mixture simmer gently for about five minutes, then spread it on rounds of hot buttered toast, sprinkle over it a few picked shrimps, and garnish the dish with rings of hard-boiled eggs.

N.B.—Tins of picked shrimps, which are excellent in any of the savouries above, can be bought now at the stores or Sainsbury's shops for 5½*d*. EMILIA

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